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SUPERMAN
No.91
A 52-PAGE MAGAZINE
A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC
IND.
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ACTION
TEN CENTS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
COMICS

SUPERMAN
by JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER
WHEN A SHIP SINKS IN THE GREAT LAKES, A PHANTOM INDIAN DRUM RUMBLES ACROSS THE FAR NORTHERN WILDERNESS! THUS GOES THE ANCIENT LEGEND — WHICH, AMAZINGLY ENOUGH, COMES TRUE WHEN HUGE CARGO VESSELS VANISH WITHOUT A TRACE FROM BUSY TRADE-ROUTES!.. AND SO SUPERMAN, MIGHTY FOE OF ALL EVIL, FLASHES OVER VAST INLAND SEAS AND PLUMBS THE DEPTHS OF "DAVEY JONES' LOCKER" TO SOLVE THE ASTOUNDING PUZZLE OF --
"THE GHOST DRUM!"

FAR OUT ON LAKE HURON, THE FREIGHTER *CONNAGER* IS BOUND FOR DULUTH WITH 15,000 TONS OF PENNSYLVANIA COAL AND A DECKLOAD OF DETROIT AUTOMOBILES...

DUSK..AND ALMOST AT THE NORTHERNMOST TIP OF MICHIGAN SHE ENTERS THE SOO LOCKS --LARGEST IN THE WORLD--TO BE LIFTED 20 FEET TO THE TOP OF ST. MARY'S FALLS...

MIDNIGHT FINDS HER BLUNT PROW GROPING THROUGH THE PITCH-BLACKNESS OF LAKE SUPERIOR...

FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE AT WHITEFISH POINT, SHE IS RECOGNIZED BY HER RIDING LIGHTS...

THAT'LL BE CAP'N PORTER'S *CONNAGER*! RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!

THE *CRATER* AND THE *ANGUSM*, WERE ON SCHEDULE, TOO, WHEN THEY PASSED HERE—BUT NO ONE HAS SEEN OR HEARD OF 'EM SINCE!

JIM! HER LIGHTS WENT OUT ALL OF A SUDDEN!

SAME AS THEY DID ON THE OTHERS! SHE'S A GONER, TOO, GEORGE! PHONE THE COAST GUARD!

SUDDENLY, THE AIR TREMBLES WITH A DISTANT THUNDER THAT DOES NOT COME FROM THE CLOUDLESS SKY!

THE INDIAN GHOST-DRUM, ROLLING FOR A SUNKEN SHIP!

AND GIVING AN EXTRA BEAT FOR EACH MAN LOST WITH HER! ONE--TWO--THREE--FOUR--

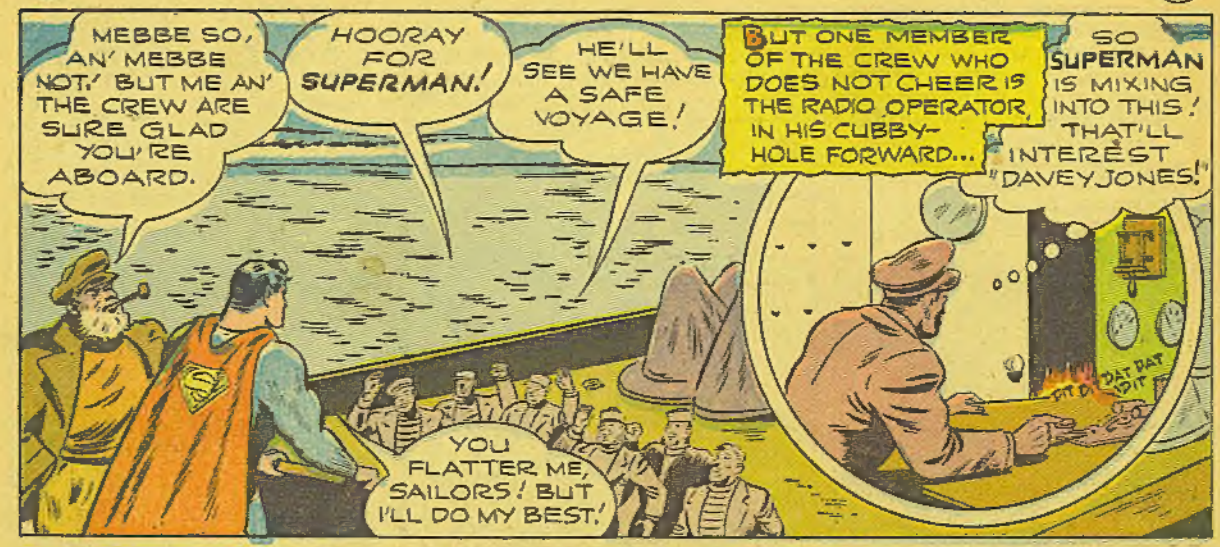
BOO OOO OOO OOO MMM

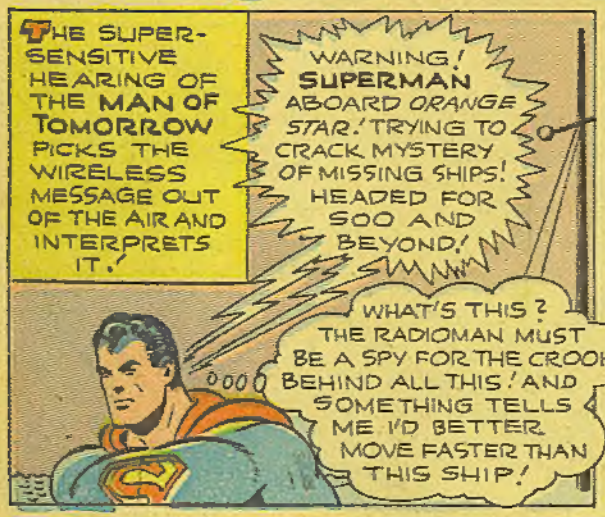
BOOM

BOOM BOOM

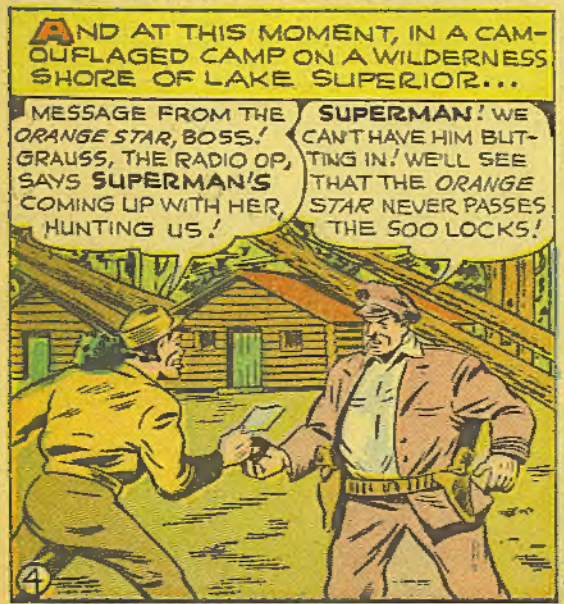
MEN CAN LAUGH AT SUCH SILLY SUPERSTITIONS AS THAT OF THE INDIAN DRUM WHICH SENDS FORTH A DIRGE FOR DROWNED SHIPS AND MEN—UNTIL FACED WITH THE EVIDENCE OF THEIR OWN SENSES! AND THEN--THEY DO NOT KNOW WHAT TO THINK!

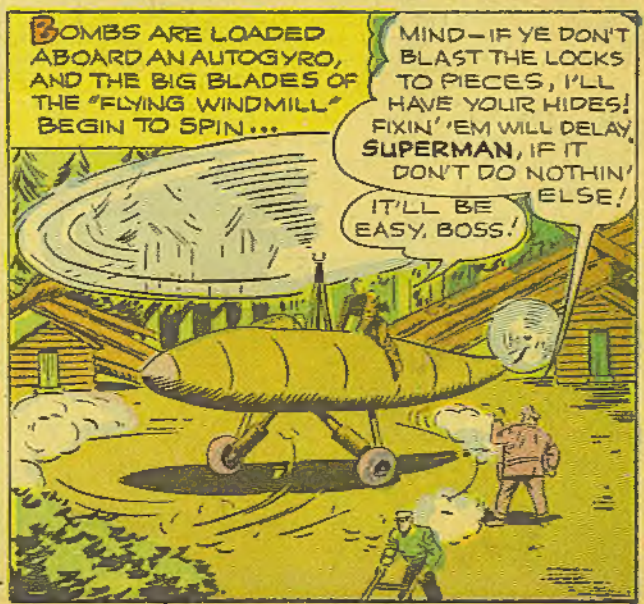
NEXT DAY, IN THE OFFICES OF THE METROPOLIS DAILY PLANET...
A LONG ROLL OF THE DRUM FOR THE SHIP, AND 43 BEATS FOR THE 43 ABOARD! WHAT DOES IT MEAN, CLARK?
YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE, LOIS!
DAILY PLANET
DEATH DRUM BEATS AGAIN AS THIRD SHIP VANISHES!
I'M GOING TO ASK PERRY TO SEND ME OUT THERE TO FIND OUT!
HAVE A NICE TRIP! I'D GO, TOO, IF I DIDN'T HAVE A COUPLE OF DAYS OFF COMING!
BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME SUPERMAN WILL SPEND THOSE COUPLE OF DAYS ON THE LAKES!
PERRY WHITE EDITOR
SORRY, LOIS! I'D JUST MADE UP MY MIND TO SEND CLARK ON THE STORY! IT'S WILD COUNTRY, AND A MAN'S JOB!
DOESN'T A POOR WOMAN EVER GET A BREAK IN THIS WORLD?
DID I HEAR MY NAME MENTIONED, CHIEF?
AND IF YOU NEED ANY EXPENSE MONEY--
I'LL WIRE FOR IT, CHIEF! SO LONG!
IF YOU FALL DOWN ON THE JOB, I'LL HAVE THE LAUGH ON BOTH OF YOU!
FROM METROPOLIS TO LAKE HURON WOULD BE A DAY'S JOURNEY BY PLANE FOR THE FASTEST-MOVING REPORTER—AND YET, WITHIN A MINUTE OF CLARK KENT'S DEPARTURE...
HOPE THE SKIPPER WON'T MIND MY BOARDING HIM WITHOUT AN INVITATION!
SUPERMAN, OR I'M A BROKEN-DOWN DOCK-WALLOPER! CAP'N ZACH CABLE BIDS YE WELCOME ABOARD THE ORANGE STAR!
I'M HEADIN' FOR ASHLAND WITH A CARGO O' MININ' MACHINERY—RIGHT PAST THE PLACE WHERE THE DRUM SOUNDED FOR THOSE UNLUCKY SHIPS—BUT I'VE NEVER HEARD IT, AN' I HOPE I NEVER DO!
DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE SUPER-STITION?
THANKS, CAPTAIN! I'M ON THE TRAIL OF THE PHANTOM INDIAN DRUM UP NORTH, AND PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP ME!
3

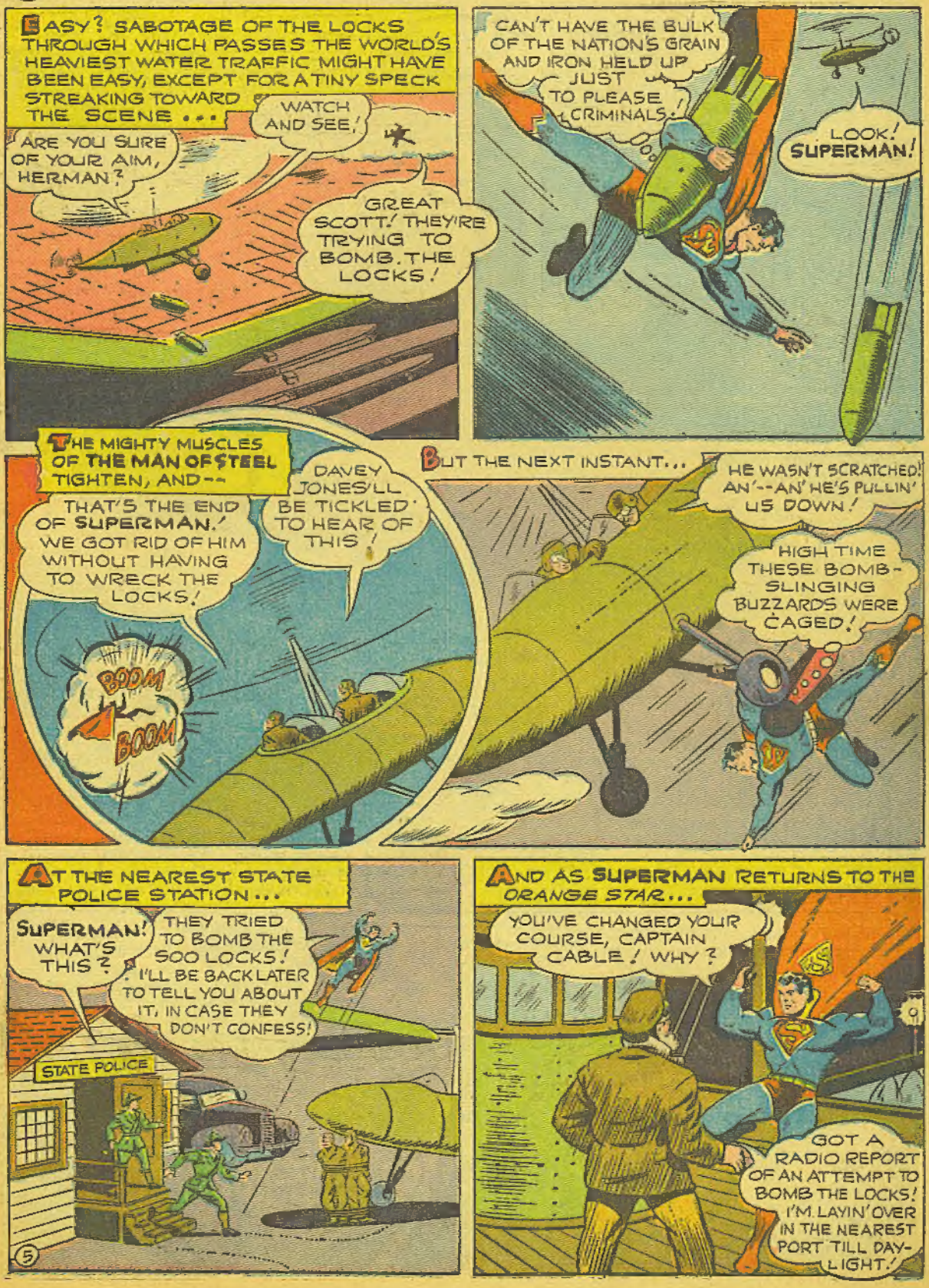

MEBBE SO, AN' MEBBE NOT.' BUT ME AN' THE CREW ARE SURE GLAD YOU'RE ABOARD.
HOORAY FOR SUPERMAN!
HE'LL SEE WE HAVE A SAFE VOYAGE!
BUT ONE MEMBER OF THE CREW WHO DOES NOT CHEER IS THE RADIO OPERATOR, IN HIS CUBBY-HOLE FORWARD...
SO SUPERMAN IS MIXING INTO THIS! THAT'LL INTEREST DAVEY JONES!
DIT DI
DAT DAT DIT
YOU FLATTER ME, SAILORS! BUT I'LL DO MY BEST!

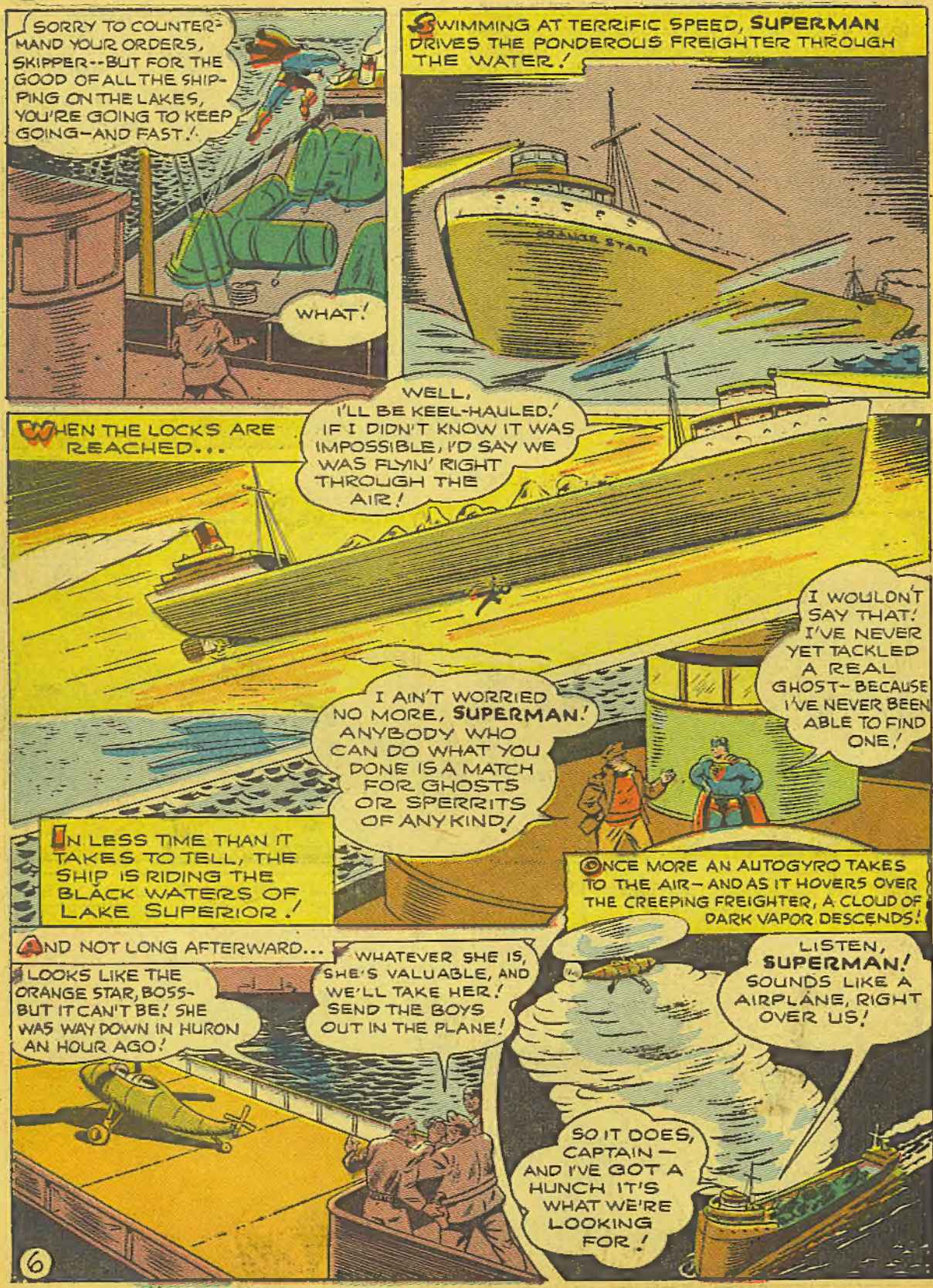

THE SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARING OF THE MAN OF TOMORROW PICKS THE WIRELESS MESSAGE OUT OF THE AIR AND INTERPRETS IT.'
WARNING! SUPERMAN ABOARD ORANGE STAR.' TRYING TO CRACK MYSTERY OF MISSING SHIPS! HEADED FOR SOO AND BEYOND.'
WHAT'S THIS? THE RADIOMAN MUST BE A SPY FOR THE CROOKS BEHIND ALL THIS! AND SOMETHING TELLS ME I'D BETTER MOVE FASTER THAN THIS SHIP!

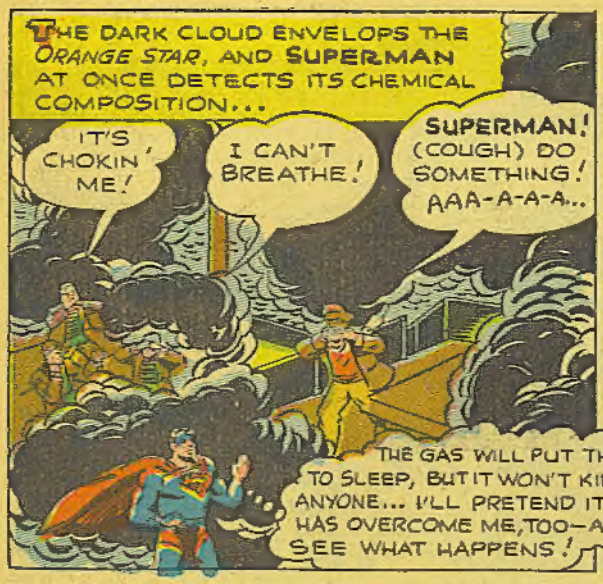
WHAT'S THE HURRY, SUPERMAN? I THOUGHT YE WERE SAILIN' WITH US!
JUST A LITTLE RECONNOITERING EXPEDITION.' I'LL BE BACK.'

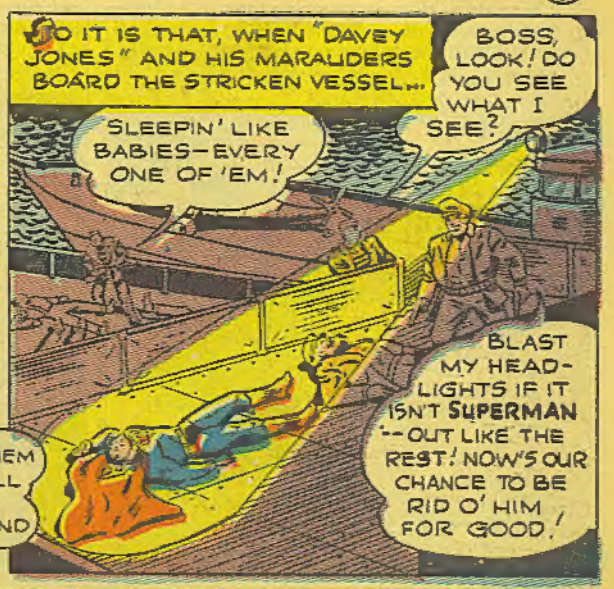

AND AT THIS MOMENT, IN A CAMOUFLAGED CAMP ON A WILDERNESS SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR...
MESSAGE FROM THE ORANGE STAR, BOSS.' GRAUSS, THE RADIO OP, SAYS SUPERMAN'S COMING UP WITH HER, HUNTING US!
SUPERMAN! WE CAN'T HAVE HIM BUTTING IN.' WE'LL SEE THAT THE ORANGE STAR NEVER PASSES THE SOO LOCKS!
4

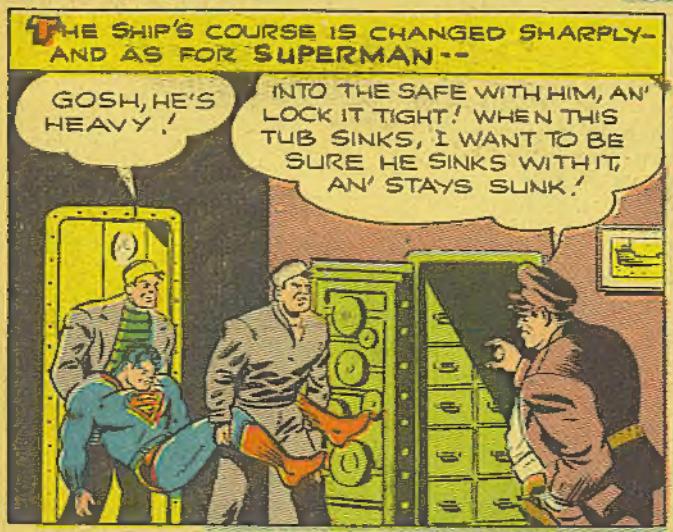

BOMBS ARE LOADED ABOARD AN AUTOGYRO, AND THE BIG BLADES OF THE "FLYING WINDMILL" BEGIN TO SPIN...
MIND—IF YE DON'T BLAST THE LOCKS TO PIECES, I'LL HAVE YOUR HIDES! FIXIN' 'EM WILL DELAY SUPERMAN, IF IT DON'T DO NOTHIN' ELSE!
IT'LL BE EASY, BOSS!

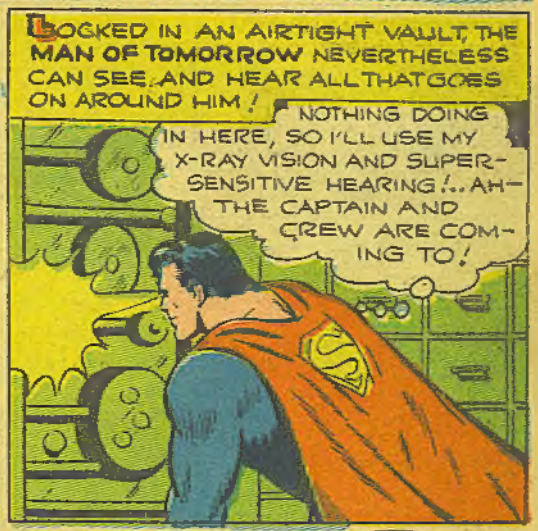

EASY? SABOTAGE OF THE LOCKS THROUGH WHICH PASSES THE WORLD'S HEAVIEST WATER TRAFFIC MIGHT HAVE BEEN EASY, EXCEPT FOR A TINY SPECK STREAKING TOWARD THE SCENE . . .
WATCH AND SEE!
ARE YOU SURE OF YOUR AIM, HERMAN?
GREAT SCOTT! THEY'RE TRYING TO BOMB THE LOCKS!
CAN'T HAVE THE BULK OF THE NATION'S GRAIN AND IRON HELD UP JUST TO PLEASE CRIMINALS!
LOOK! SUPERMAN!
THE MIGHTY MUSCLES OF THE MAN OF STEEL TIGHTEN, AND--
THAT'S THE END OF SUPERMAN! WE GOT RID OF HIM WITHOUT HAVING TO WRECK THE LOCKS!
DAVEY JONES'LL BE TICKLED TO HEAR OF THIS!
BOOM BOOM
BUT THE NEXT INSTANT...
HE WASN'T SCRATCHED! AN'--AN' HE'S PULLIN' US DOWN!
HIGH TIME THESE BOMB-SLINGING BUZZARDS WERE CAGED!
AT THE NEAREST STATE POLICE STATION...
SUPERMAN! WHAT'S THIS?
THEY TRIED TO BOMB THE SOO LOCKS! I'LL BE BACK LATER TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT, IN CASE THEY DON'T CONFESS!
STATE POLICE
5
AND AS SUPERMAN RETURNS TO THE ORANGE STAR...
YOU'VE CHANGED YOUR COURSE, CAPTAIN CABLE! WHY?
GOT A RADIO REPORT OF AN ATTEMPT TO BOMB THE LOCKS! I'M LAYIN' OVER IN THE NEAREST PORT TILL DAY-LIGHT!


SORRY TO COUNTERMAND YOUR ORDERS, SKIPPER--BUT FOR THE GOOD OF ALL THE SHIPPING ON THE LAKES, YOU'RE GOING TO KEEP GOING--AND FAST!
WHAT!
SWIMMING AT TERRIFIC SPEED, SUPERMAN DRIVES THE PONDEROUS FREIGHTER THROUGH THE WATER!
ORANGE STAR
WHEN THE LOCKS ARE REACHED...
WELL, I'LL BE KEEL-HAULED! IF I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE, I'D SAY WE WAS FLYIN' RIGHT THROUGH THE AIR!
I WOULDN'T SAY THAT! I'VE NEVER YET TACKLED A REAL GHOST--BECAUSE I'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO FIND ONE!
I AIN'T WORRIED NO MORE, SUPERMAN! ANYBODY WHO CAN DO WHAT YOU DONE IS A MATCH FOR GHOSTS OR SPERRITS OF ANY KIND!
IN LESS TIME THAN IT TAKES TO TELL, THE SHIP IS RIDING THE BLACK WATERS OF LAKE SUPERIOR!
ONCE MORE AN AUTOGYRO TAKES TO THE AIR--AND AS IT HOVERS OVER THE CREEPING FREIGHTER, A CLOUD OF DARK VAPOR DESCENDS!
AND NOT LONG AFTERWARD...
LOOKS LIKE THE ORANGE STAR, BOSS--BUT IT CAN'T BE! SHE WAS WAY DOWN IN HURON AN HOUR AGO!
WHATEVER SHE IS, SHE'S VALUABLE, AND WE'LL TAKE HER! SEND THE BOYS OUT IN THE PLANE!
LISTEN, SUPERMAN! SOUNDS LIKE A AIRPLANE, RIGHT OVER US!
SO IT DOES, CAPTAIN--AND I'VE GOT A HUNCH IT'S WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR!


THE DARK CLOUD ENVELOPS THE ORANGE STAR, AND SUPERMAN AT ONCE DETECTS ITS CHEMICAL COMPOSITION...
IT'S CHOKIN' ME!
I CAN'T BREATHE!
SUPERMAN! (COUGH) DO SOMETHING! AAA-A-A-A...
THE GAS WILL PUT THEM TO SLEEP, BUT IT WON'T KILL ANYONE... I'LL PRETEND IT HAS OVERCOME ME, TOO—AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!


SO IT IS THAT, WHEN "DAVEY JONES" AND HIS MARAUDERS BOARD THE STRICKEN VESSEL...
BOSS, LOOK! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
SLEEPIN' LIKE BABIES—EVERY ONE OF 'EM!
BLAST MY HEADLIGHTS IF IT ISN'T SUPERMAN—OUT LIKE THE REST! NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO BE RID O' HIM FOR GOOD!


THE SHIP'S COURSE IS CHANGED SHARPLY—AND AS FOR SUPERMAN—
GOSH, HE'S HEAVY!
INTO THE SAFE WITH HIM, AN' LOCK IT TIGHT! WHEN THIS TUB SINKS, I WANT TO BE SURE HE SINKS WITH IT, AN' STAYS SUNK!

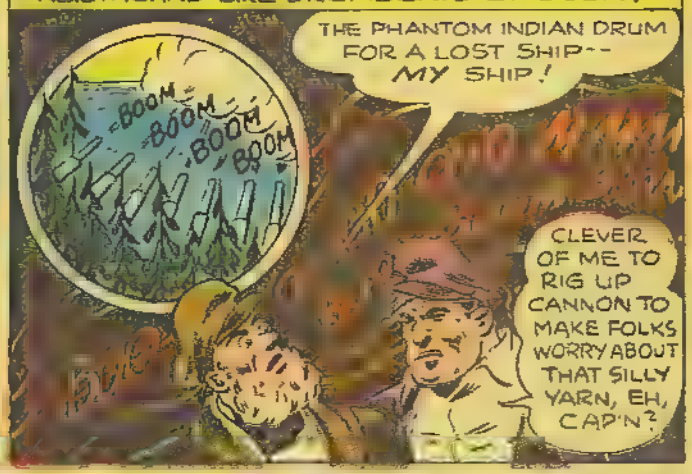

LOCKED IN AN AIRTIGHT VAULT, THE MAN OF TOMORROW NEVERTHELESS CAN SEE, AND HEAR ALL THAT GOES ON AROUND HIM!
NOTHING DOING IN HERE, SO I'LL USE MY X-RAY VISION AND SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARING!.. AH—THE CAPTAIN AND CREW ARE COMING TO!

IT'S PIRACY, THAT'S WHAT IT IS! WHAT ARE YE MEANIN' TO DO WITH MY SHIP!
SINK IT, CAP'N! BUT DON'T WORRY—YOU AND YOUR MEN WILL BE TAKEN OFF AND KEPT ALIVE—FOR A WHILE, AT LEAST!

AN' WHAT PROFIT'S IN THAT, YE SCUPPER-RAT?
PLENTY! YE SEE, AFTER I'VE SUNK ENOUGH SHIPS—IN SHALLOW WATER, WHERE NO ONE ELSE KNOWS—I'LL TURN HONEST AN' SALVAGE 'EM, AN' MAKE MILLIONS!

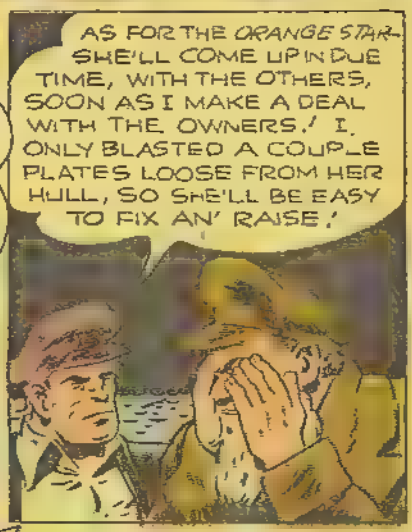
MEANWHILE, FROM THE CAPTURED FREIGHTER, A RADIO MESSAGE GOES OUT TO A SECRET STATION ON A WOODED SHORE...

AND, IN REPLY, A HIDDEN BATTERY OF CANNON THUNDERS A VOLLEY AND A LONG SERIES OF SINGLE REPORTS THAT ECHO OVER THE NORTHLAND LIKE DRUMBEATS OF DOOM!


BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
THE PHANTOM INDIAN DRUM FOR A LOST SHIP--MY SHIP!
CLEVER OF ME TO RIG UP CANNON TO MAKE FOLKS WORRY ABOUT THAT SILLY YARN, EH, CAP'N?

BEFORE DAWN, IN TWO FATHOMS OF WATER NOT FAR FROM THE TRACKLESS FOREST OF UPPER MICHIGAN...

WHY DIDN'T YE LET ME GO DOWN WITH HER?
I'M NOT KEEN ABOUT MURDER--EXCEPT WHERE SUPERMAN'S CONCERNED! I'M KEEPIN' THE CREW OF THE SHIPS I'VE SUNK PRISONERS, AN' THEM THAT WANTS TO JOIN ME CAN! THE REST--WELL, I'LL HAVE TO START A FOREST FIRE, I GUESS!


AS FOR THE ORANGE STAR--SHE'LL COME UP IN DUE TIME, WITH THE OTHERS, SOON AS I MAKE A DEAL WITH THE OWNERS! I ONLY BLASTED A COUPLE PLATES LOOSE FROM HER HULL, SO SHE'LL BE EASY TO FIX AN' RAISE!

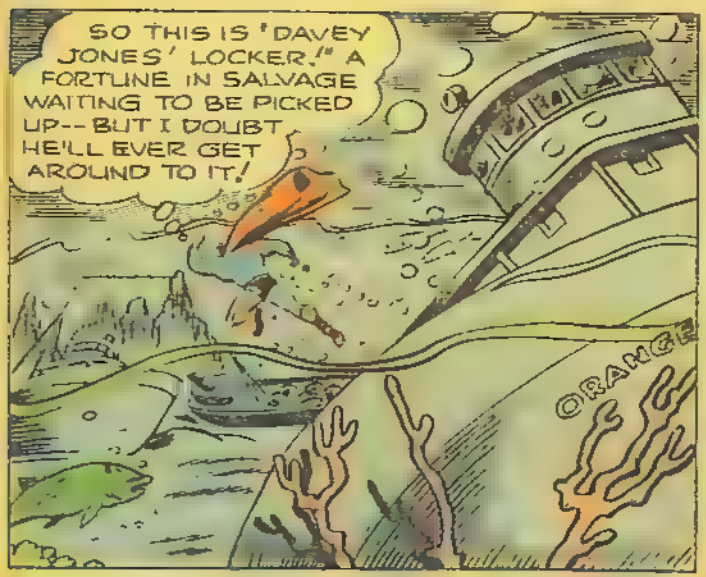
SEALED IN THE BIG SAFE, SUPERMAN KNOWS WHAT IS HAPPENING AS WELL AS IF HE WERE ON DECK...

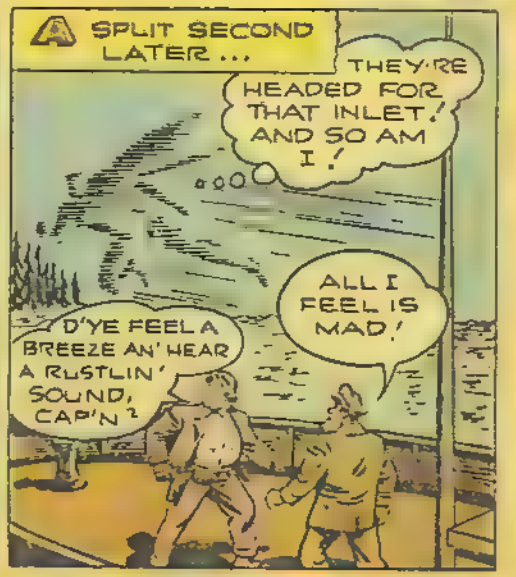
SUDDENLY, STEEL MUSCLES STRIKE AGAINST STEEL WALLS AND TEAR THEM AS IF THEY WERE CARDBOARD!

NICE AND DRY IN HERE, BUT A LITTLE CLOSE! AND I WANT TO SEE WHERE "DAVEY JONES'" SHIP IS HEADING!

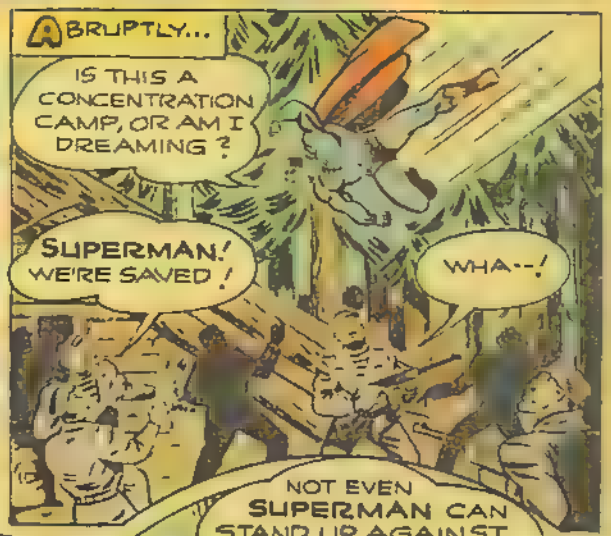
DOWN WE GO!... NOW WE'VE TOUCHED BOTTOM!... FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN SUNK IN LAKE SUPERIOR!

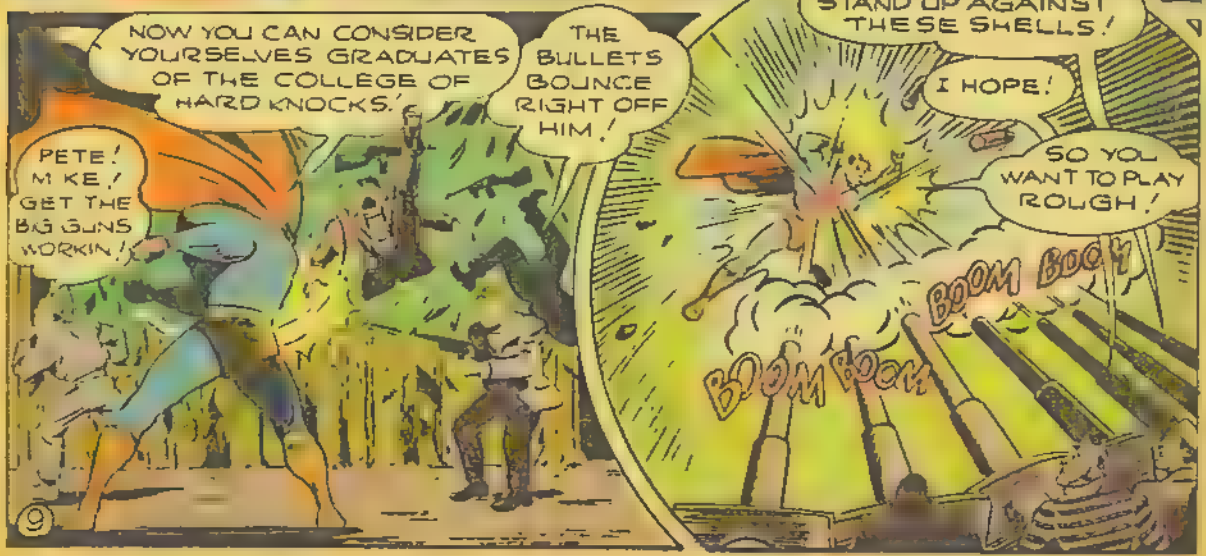
SOCK

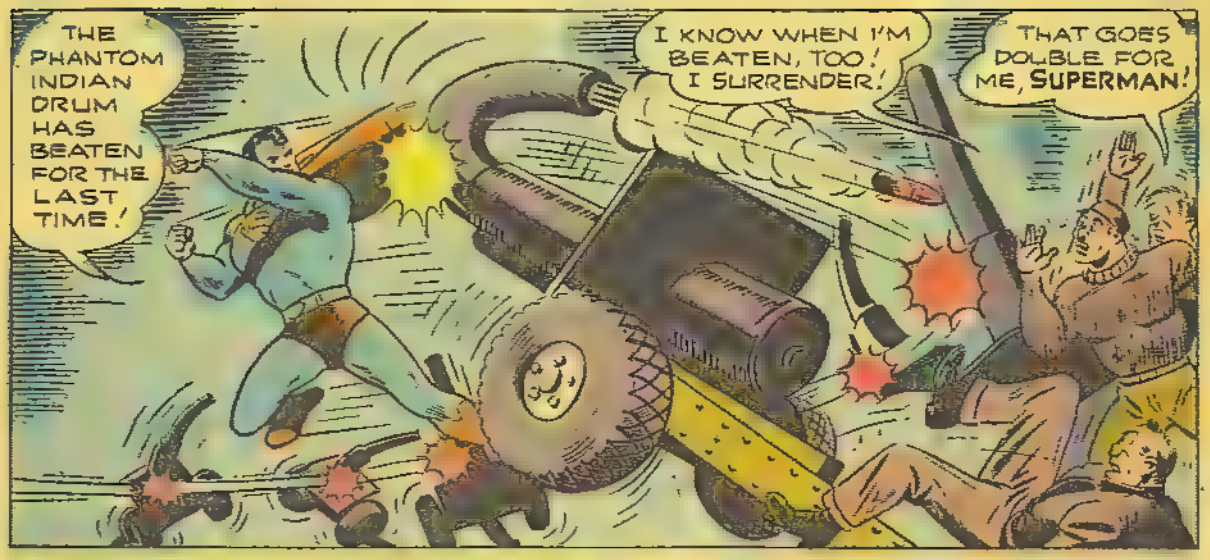

SO THIS IS 'DAVEY JONES' LOCKER.' A FORTUNE IN SALVAGE WAITING TO BE PICKED UP-- BUT I DOUBT HE'LL EVER GET AROUND TO IT!
ORANGE

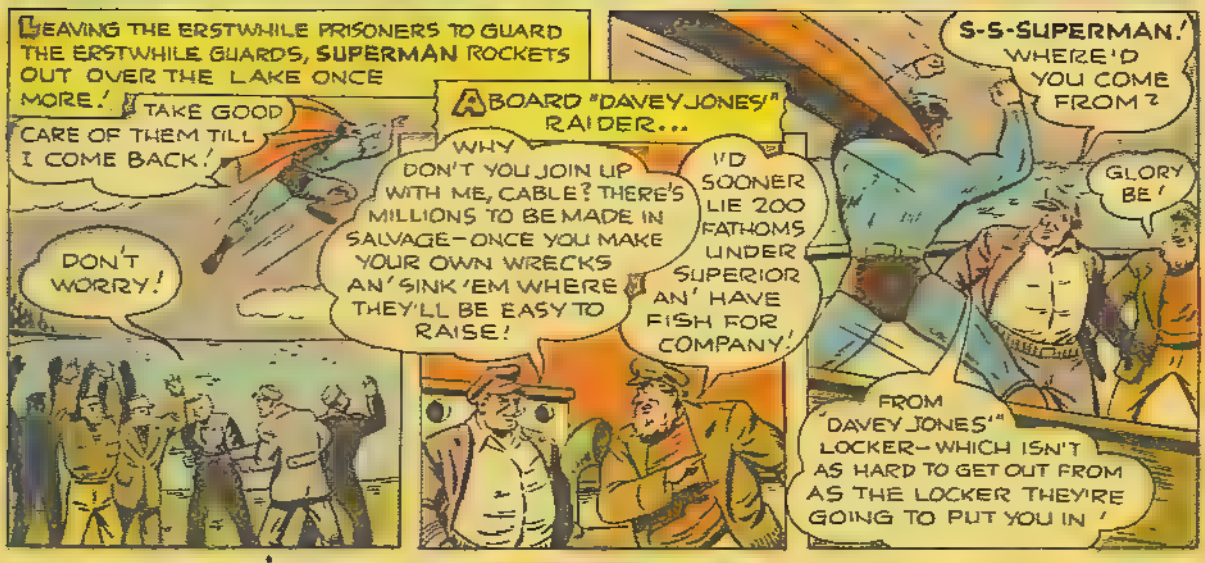

A SPLIT SECOND LATER ...
THEY'RE HEADED FOR THAT INLET! AND SO AM I!
ALL I FEEL IS MAD!
D'YE FEEL A BREEZE AN' HEAR A RUSTLIN' SOUND, CAP'N?

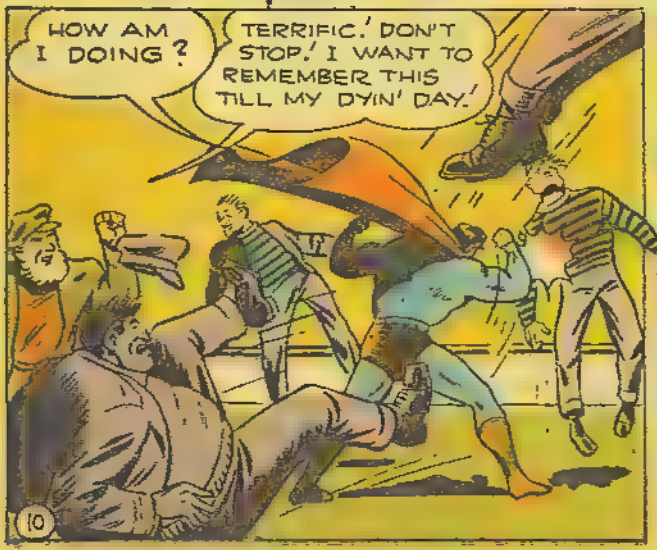
IN A FOREST CLEARING, WHERE LOG BUILDINGS ARE CAMOUFLAGED WITH FELLED PINE TREES ...
STEP ON IT! YE GOTTA CLEAR AWAY AN ACRE O' TREES BEFORE NIGHTFALL!
I WANTED TO BE A SAILOR, NOT A SLAVE!
THEY CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS FOR-EVER!


A BRUPTLY...
IS THIS A CONCENTRATION CAMP, OR AM I DREAMING?
SUPERMAN! WE'RE SAVED!
WHA--!

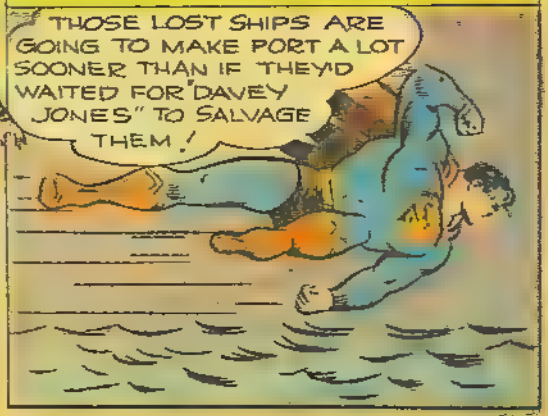

NOW YOU CAN CONSIDER YOURSELVES GRADUATES OF THE COLLEGE OF HARD KNOCKS!
THE BULLETS BOUNCE RIGHT OFF HIM!
PETE! MIKE! GET THE BIG GUNS WORKIN'!
NOT EVEN SUPERMAN CAN STAND UP AGAINST THESE SHELLS!
I HOPE!
SO YOU WANT TO PLAY ROUGH!
BOOM BOOM
BOOM BOOM
9

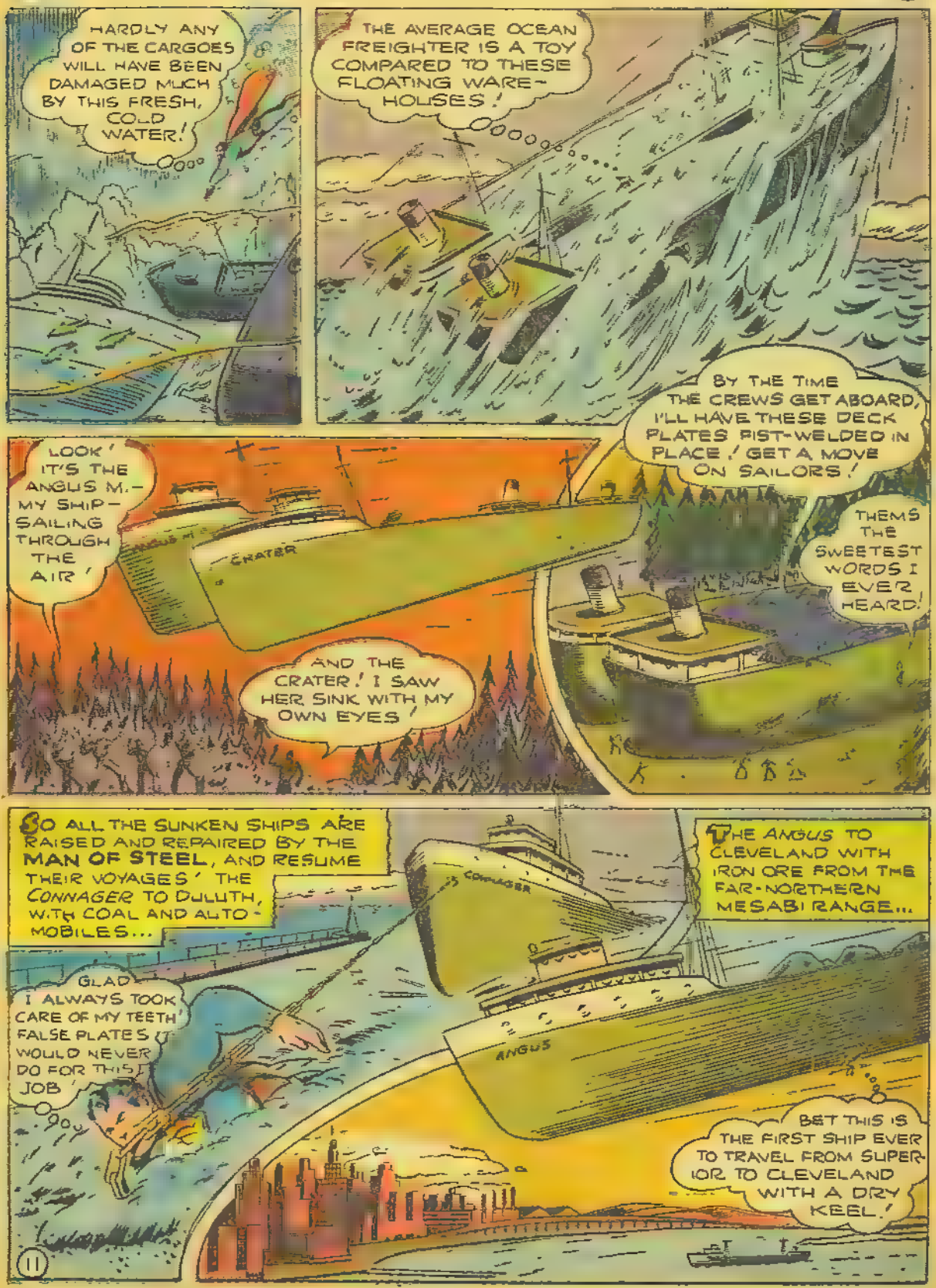

THE PHANTOM INDIAN DRUM HAS BEATEN FOR THE LAST TIME!
I KNOW WHEN I'M BEATEN, TOO! I SURRENDER!
THAT GOES DOUBLE FOR ME, SUPERMAN!

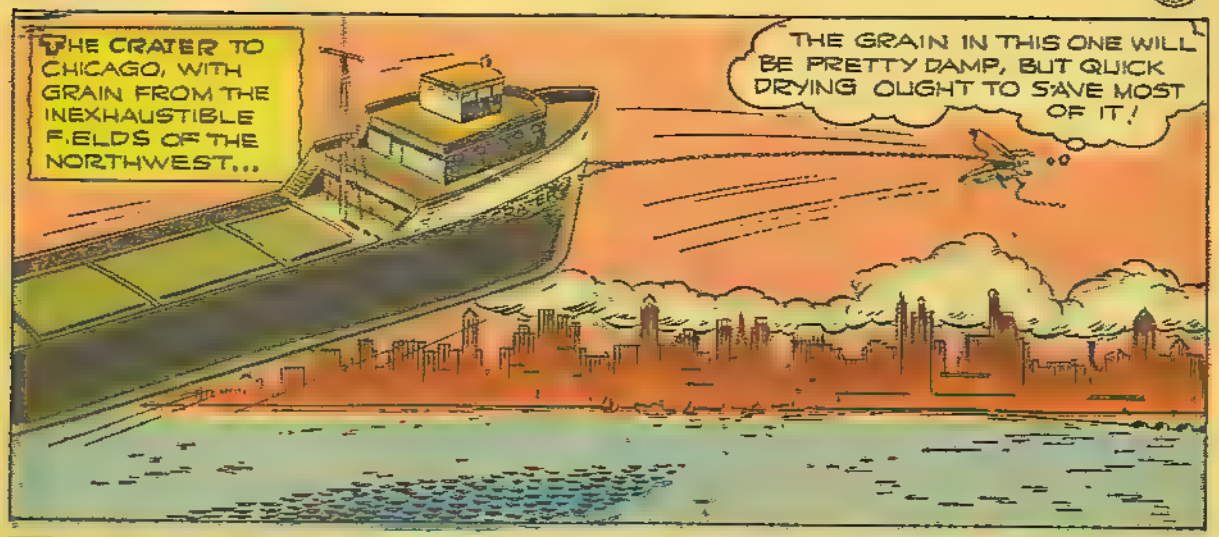

LEAVING THE ERSTWHILE PRISONERS TO GUARD THE ERSTWHILE GUARDS, SUPERMAN ROCKETS OUT OVER THE LAKE ONCE MORE!
TAKE GOOD CARE OF THEM TILL I COME BACK!
DON'T WORRY!
ABOARD "DAVEY JONES" RAIDER...
WHY DON'T YOU JOIN UP WITH ME, CABLE? THERE'S MILLIONS TO BE MADE IN SALVAGE—ONCE YOU MAKE YOUR OWN WRECKS AN' SINK 'EM WHERE THEY'LL BE EASY TO RAISE!
I'D SOONER LIE 200 FATHOMS UNDER SUPERIOR AN' HAVE FISH FOR COMPANY!
S-S-SUPERMAN! WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?
GLORY BE!
FROM "DAVEY JONES" LOCKER—WHICH ISN'T AS HARD TO GET OUT FROM AS THE LOCKER THEY'RE GOING TO PUT YOU IN!

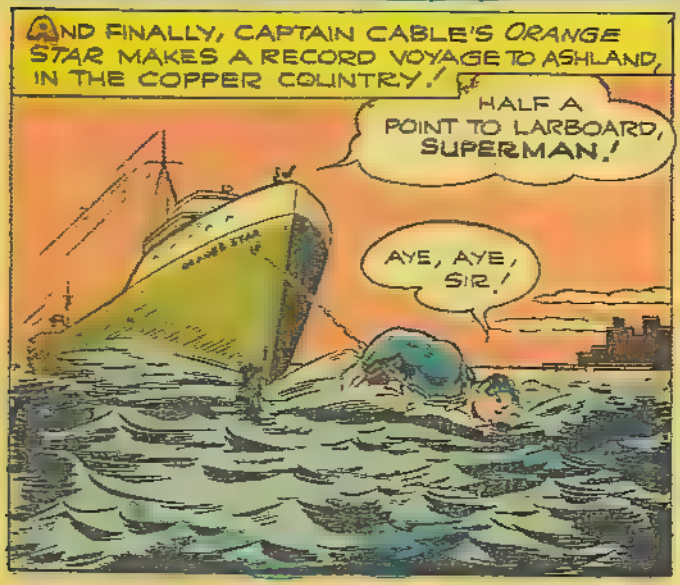


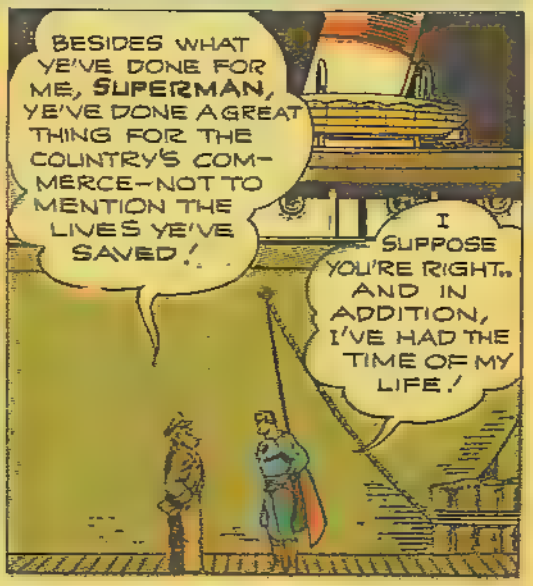
WITH CAPTAIN CABLE AND HIS CREW IN COMMAND OF THE PIRATE CRAFT, SUPERMAN SETS A METEORIC COURSE FOR THE GRAVEYARD OF SUNKEN FREIGHTERS...




HARDLY ANY OF THE CARGOES WILL HAVE BEEN DAMAGED MUCH BY THIS FRESH, COLD WATER!
THE AVERAGE OCEAN FREIGHTER IS A TOY COMPARED TO THESE FLOATING WARE-HOUSES!
BY THE TIME THE CREWS GET ABOARD, I'LL HAVE THESE DECK PLATES RIST-WELDED IN PLACE! GET A MOVE ON SAILORS!
LOOK! IT'S THE ANGUS M.—MY SHIP—SAILING THROUGH THE AIR!
CRATER
THEMS THE SWEETEST WORDS I EVER HEARD!
AND THE CRATER! I SAW HER SINK WITH MY OWN EYES!
SO ALL THE SUNKEN SHIPS ARE RAISED AND REPAIRED BY THE MAN OF STEEL, AND RESUME THEIR VOYAGES! THE CONNAGER TO DULUTH, WITH COAL AND AUTOMOBILES...
THE ANGUS TO CLEVELAND WITH IRON ORE FROM THE FAR-NORTHERN MESABI RANGE...
CONNAGER
ANGUS
GLAD I ALWAYS TOOK CARE OF MY TEETH! FALSE PLATES WOULD NEVER DO FOR THIS JOB!
BET THIS IS THE FIRST SHIP EVER TO TRAVEL FROM SUPERIOR TO CLEVELAND WITH A DRY KEEL!

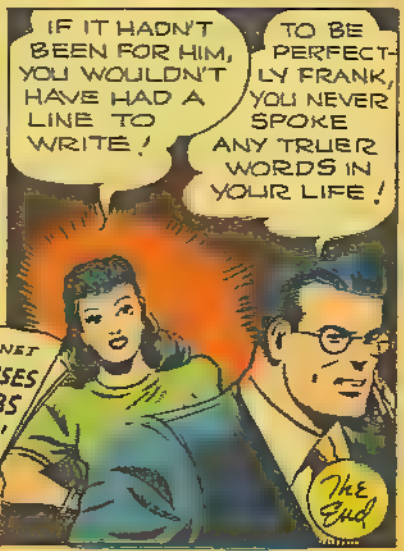

THE CRATER TO CHICAGO, WITH GRAIN FROM THE INEXHAUSTIBLE FIELDS OF THE NORTHWEST...
THE GRAIN IN THIS ONE WILL BE PRETTY DAMP, BUT QUICK DRYING OUGHT TO SAVE MOST OF IT!


AND FINALLY, CAPTAIN CABLE'S ORANGE STAR MAKES A RECORD VOYAGE TO ASHLAND, IN THE COPPER COUNTRY!
HALF A POINT TO LARBOARD, SUPERMAN!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
ORANGE STAR


BESIDES WHAT YE'VE DONE FOR ME, SUPERMAN, YE'VE DONE A GREAT THING FOR THE COUNTRY'S COMMERCE—NOT TO MENTION THE LIVES YE'VE SAVED!
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT.. AND IN ADDITION, I'VE HAD THE TIME OF MY LIFE!

HOLD ON! CAN'T YE HAVE SUPPER WITH ME AT THE CAPTAIN'S CLUB?
I'D LIKE TO - BUT I'VE JUST REMEMBERED A REPORTER FRIEND OF MINE WHO IS WAITING TO WRITE A STORY ABOUT THIS!
12

NEXT DAY, IN METROPOLIS...
YOU SEE, LOIS, IT WAS A MAN'S JOB— AND I DIDN'T FALL DOWN ON IT, AFTER ALL!
HMMM... YOU MEAN, IT WAS A SUPERMAN'S JOB!
DAILY PLANET
SUPERMAN RAISES LOST SHIPS; NABS "GHOST-DRUM" WRECKERS!
By CLARK KENT


IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR HIM, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE HAD A LINE TO WRITE!
TO BE PERFECTLY FRANK, YOU NEVER SPOKE ANY TRUER WORDS IN YOUR LIFE!
THE End

LIGHTER MOMENTS with

fresh Eveready Batteries

"Hey, I said send up some quinine, not K-9!"

"EVEREADY" "MINI-MAX" batteries are still providing dependable power for the Armed Forces—in walkie-talkies, handy-talkies, and other important equipment.

But enough of these extra powerful "B" batteries are now being made to leave a generous additional supply for civilian use. Your dealer probably has them now in the size you need for your radio.

Because of their exclusive construction—that no other battery can duplicate—"Mini-Max" batteries pack *far more power than any other battery of equal size* Ask for them by name—for longer life, *longer listening!*

EVEREADY

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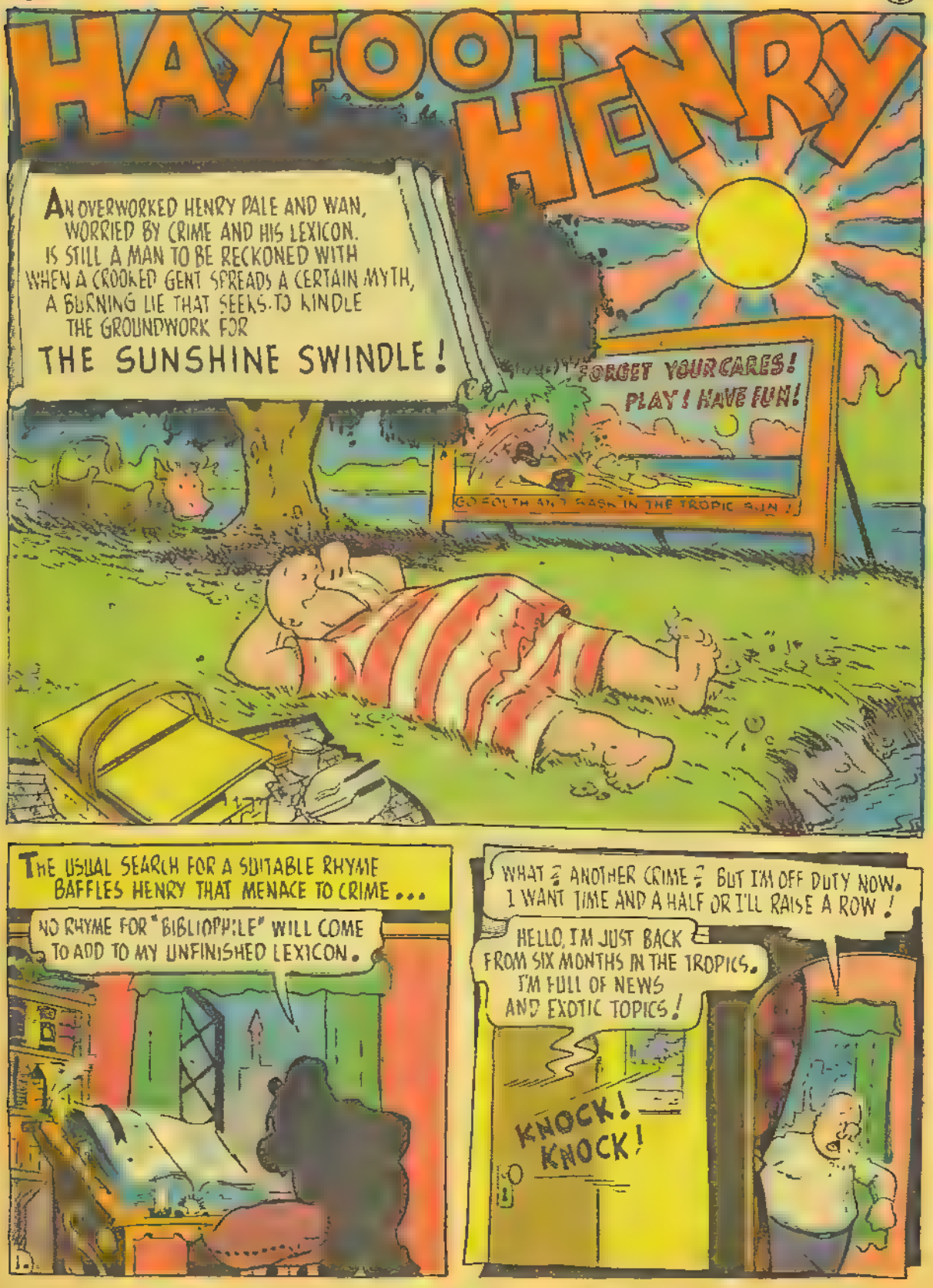
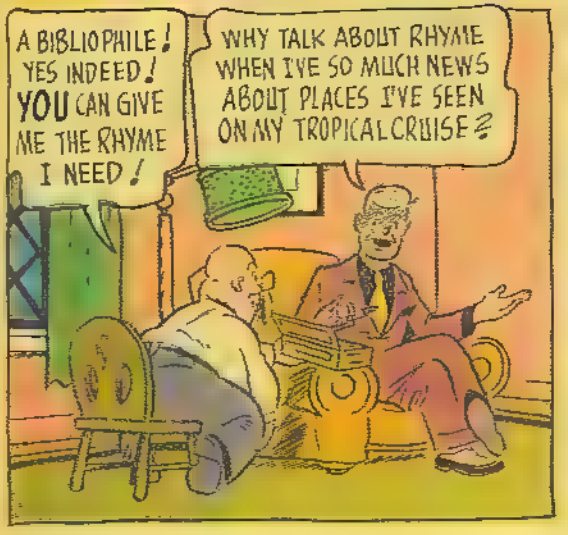
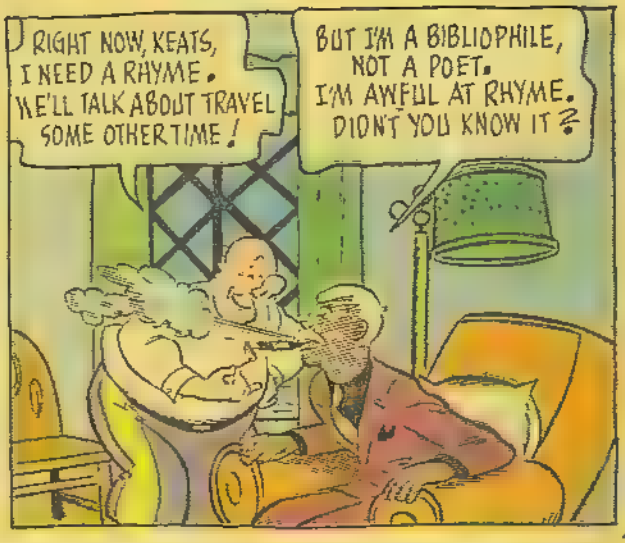

HAYFOOT HENRY
AN OVERWORKED HENRY PALE AND WAN,
WORRIED BY CRIME AND HIS LEXICON.
IS STILL A MAN TO BE RECKONED WITH
WHEN A CROOKED GENT SPREADS A CERTAIN MYTH,
A BURNING LIE THAT SEEKS TO KINDLE
THE GROUNDWORK FOR
THE SUNSHINE SWINDLE!
FORGET YOUR CARES!
PLAY! HAVE FUN!
GO FOLTH AND BASK IN THE TROPIC SUN!
THE USUAL SEARCH FOR A SUITABLE RHYME
BAFFLES HENRY THAT MENACE TO CRIME...
NO RHYME FOR "BIBLIOPHILE" WILL COME
TO ADD TO MY UNFINISHED LEXICON.
WHAT? ANOTHER CRIME? BUT I'M OFF DUTY NOW.
I WANT TIME AND A HALF OR I'LL RAISE A ROW!
HELLO, I'M JUST BACK
FROM SIX MONTHS IN THE TROPICS.
I'M FULL OF NEWS
AND EXOTIC TOPICS!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!

THE BIBLIOPHILE, MR. KEATS! OLD FRIEND-- DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU! DELIGHTED NO END!
YOUR PLACE IS ON MY WAY HOME FROM THE STATION. THOUGHT I'D STOP IN, BUT WHY ALL THE ELATION?

YOU'VE BEEN GONE SO LONG, I'VE REALLY MISSED YOU. A MAN WITH YOUR CHARM. WHO CAN RESIST YOU?
GOSH, HENRY--I'M TERRIBLY FLATTERED TO KNOW OUR FRIENDSHIP REALLY MATTERED.

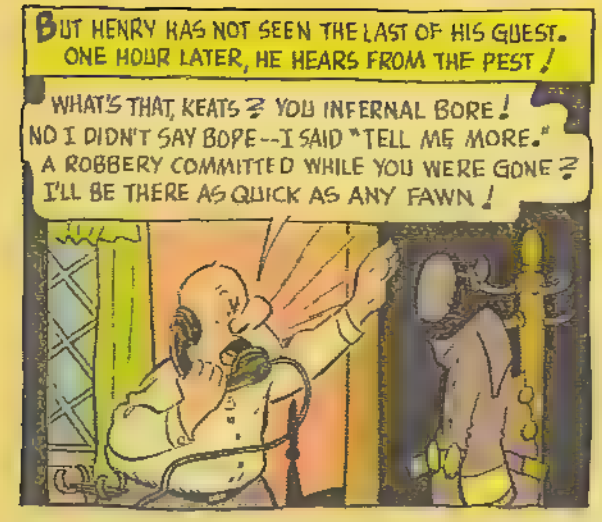

A BIBLIOPHILE! YES INDEED! YOU CAN GIVE ME THE RHYME I NEED!
WHY TALK ABOUT RHYME WHEN I'VE SO MUCH NEWS ABOUT PLACES I'VE SEEN ON MY TROPICAL CRUISE?

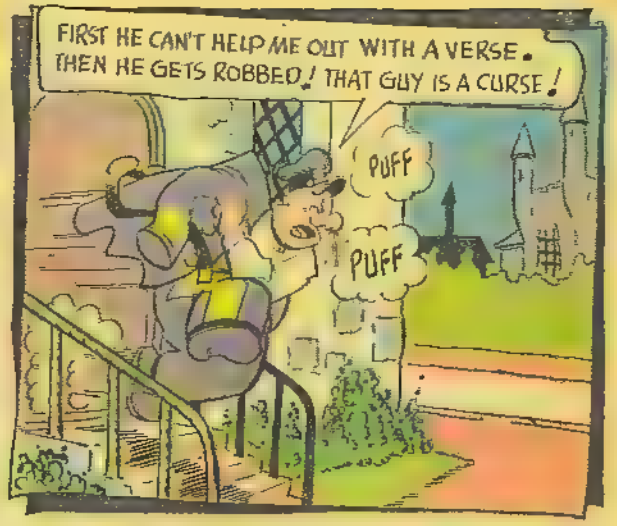

RIGHT NOW, KEATS, I NEED A RHYME. WE'LL TALK ABOUT TRAVEL SOME OTHER TIME!
BUT I'M A BIBLIOPHILE, NOT A POET. I'M AWFUL AT RHYME. DIDN'T YOU KNOW IT?

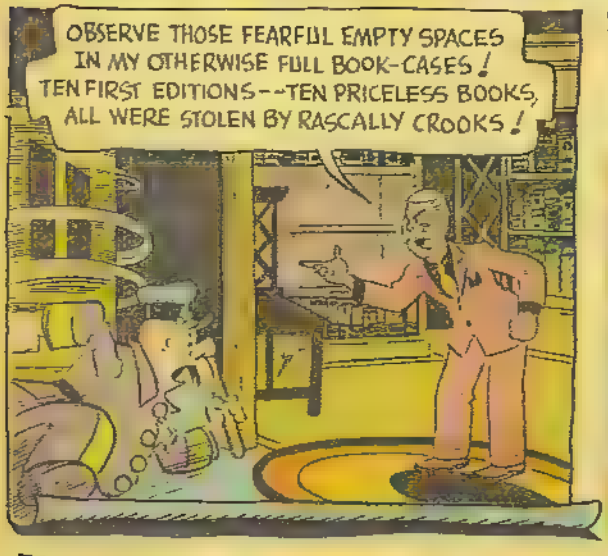
BUT SUCH A RHYME SHOULD BE RIGHT DOWN YOUR ALLEY. YOU ARE A BIBLIOPHILE, PLEASE DON'T DALLY.
ON RARE EDITIONS, I'M AN EXPERT, MAN. BUT RHYMING--NEVER! DO YOU LIKE MY TAN?
2.

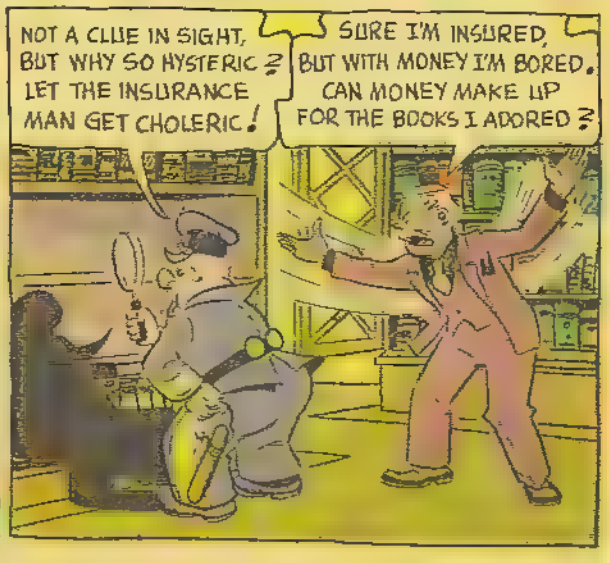
VERY NICE, BUT I'M TOO BUSY TO SPEAK. DROP IN TOMORROW OR MAYBE NEXT WEEK!
GUESS OUR FRIENDSHIP WAS OF MINOR DURATION! NO RHYME--NO PAL! A SAD REALIZATION!

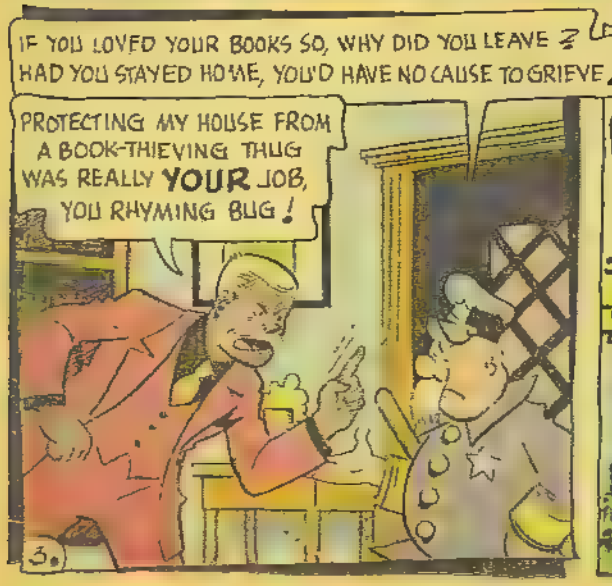
INTERRUPTING A MAN AT HIS LABORS THAT WAY! SOME FOLKS HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THEIR DAY!


BUT HENRY HAS NOT SEEN THE LAST OF HIS GUEST. ONE HOUR LATER, HE HEARS FROM THE PEST!
WHAT'S THAT, KEATS? YOU INFERNAL BORE! NO I DIDN'T SAY BOPE--I SAID "TELL ME MORE." A ROBBERY COMMITTED WHILE YOU WERE GONE? I'LL BE THERE AS QUICK AS ANY FAWN!


FIRST HE CAN'T HELP ME OUT WITH A VERSE. THEN HE GETS ROBBED! THAT GUY IS A CURSE!
PUFF
PUFF


OBSERVE THOSE FEARFUL EMPTY SPACES IN MY OTHERWISE FULL BOOK-CASES! TEN FIRST EDITIONS--TEN PRICELESS BOOKS, ALL WERE STOLEN BY RASCALLY CROOKS!

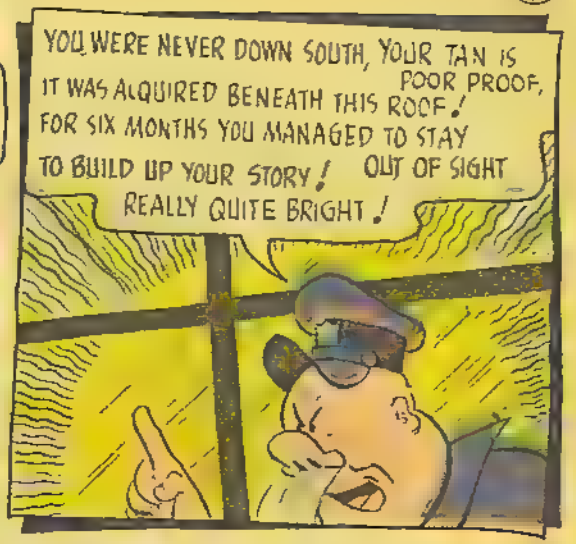

NOT A CLUE IN SIGHT, BUT WHY SO HYSTERIC? LET THE INSURANCE MAN GET CHOLERIC!
SURE I'M INSURED, BUT WITH MONEY I'M BORED. CAN MONEY MAKE UP FOR THE BOOKS I ADORED?

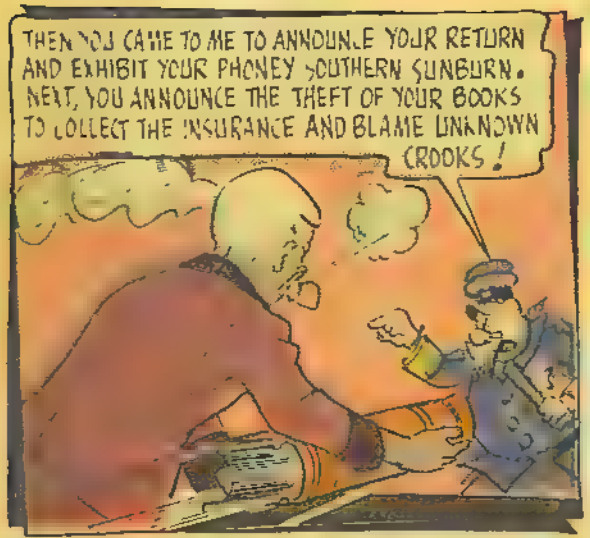

IF YOU LOVED YOUR BOOKS SO, WHY DID YOU LEAVE? HAD YOU STAYED HOME, YOU'D HAVE NO CAUSE TO GRIEVE!
PROTECTING MY HOUSE FROM A BOOK-THIEVING THUG WAS REALLY YOUR JOB, YOU RHYMING BUG!
3.

I'LL TRY TO LOCATE THEM ALTHOUGH I'M A WRECK. IF I FAIL, BE CONTENT WITH THE INSURANCE CHECK!
THE REASON YOU'RE A WRECK, YOU DON'T GET ENOUGH SUN. YOU WASTE TOO MUCH TIME ON YOUR LEXICON.

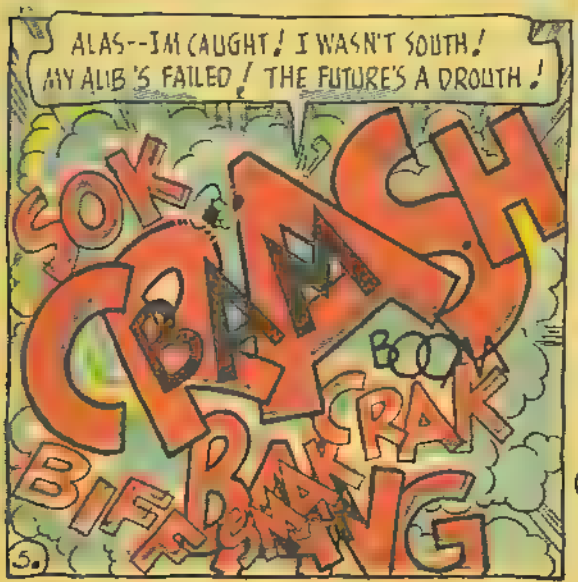
MAYBE HE'S RIGHT. HE LOOKS GOOD WITH HIS TAN. A DOSE OF SUN AND I'D BE A NEW MAN.
INSTEAD OF DREAMING OF A SUN-DRENCHED ISLET, THERE'S A QUICK WAY TO GET ULTRA-VIOLET.
Special
TRY OUR
SUN LAMP
FOR 25¢
BE A NEW MAN AT TRIFLING EXPENSE.
HEALTH IS SOLAR! ROMANCE IS LUNAR! IF I'D ONLY KNOWN OF YOUR SUN-LAMP SOONER!
BUT WE ONLY BOUGHT IT AN HOUR AGO FROM MISTER KEATS WHO NEEDED DOUGH!
KEATS NEEDED DOUGH? BUT I THOUGHT HIM WELL FIXED! HIS ATTITUDES SEEM AWFULLY MIXED! NEEDING DOUGH, HE'D RATHER HAVE HIS BOOKS THAN THE INSURANCE HE'D GET BECAUSE OF THOSE CROOKS!
HOORAY--IT'S SOLVED! THE CLOUDS HAVE LIFTED! THE FACTS IN THIS CASE, I'VE FINALLY SIFTED!
OPEN UP MR. KEATS! YOUR GOOSE IS COOKED! FOR INSURANCE FRAUD, YOU'RE ABOUT TO BE BOOKED.

I STOLE MY OWN BOOKS ? HA-HA--YOU DON'T SAY! HOW COULD I STEAL THEM IF I WAS AWAY ?
THAT'S EASY, BECAUSE YOU NEVER LEFT TOWN! YOU USED YOUR SUNLAMP TO MAKE YOURSELF BROWN!


YOU WERE NEVER DOWN SOUTH, YOUR TAN IS POOR PROOF, IT WAS ALQUIRED BENEATH THIS ROOF! FOR SIX MONTHS YOU MANAGED TO STAY OUT OF SIGHT TO BUILD UP YOUR STORY! REALLY QUITE BRIGHT!


THEN YOU CAME TO ME TO ANNOUNCE YOUR RETURN AND EXHIBIT YOUR PHONEY SOUTHERN SUNBURN. NEXT, YOU ANNOUNCE THE THEFT OF YOUR BOOKS TO COLLECT THE INSURANCE AND BLAME UNKNOWN CROOKS!

HERE'S A DICTIONARY TO BOTHER YOUR HEAD! WHEN YOU COME TO, I SHALL HAVE FLED!


ALAS--I'M CAUGHT! I WASN'T SOUTH! MY ALIB'S FAILED! THE FUTURE'S A DROUTH!
SOK
CRASH
BOOM
RAK
BIFF
BANG
5.

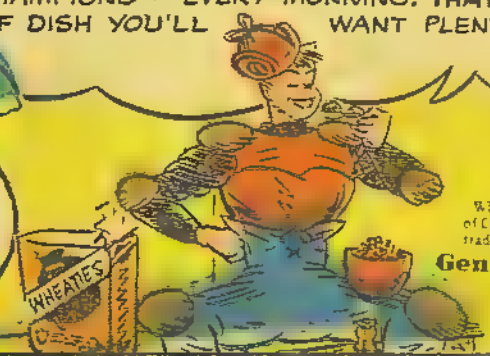
I'LL NEVER AGAIN TELL A FIB SO VILE!
EUREKA! A RHYME FOR "BIBLIOPHILE"!
THE END
BIBLIOPHILE: ONE WHO LOVES BOOKS.

WHEATIES
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

COACH LIKES TO SEE HIS STUDENTS CONCENTRATE ON WHEATIES.

HEFTY NOURISHMENT IN THAT FAMOUS ALL-AMERICAN CEREAL. AND HIGH-RATING, HIGH-SCORING FLAVOR. CRISP-TOASTED FLAKES OF RICH WHOLE WHEAT. LOADED WITH MELLOW, MALT-SWEET SYRUP. **A TRAINING-TABLE FAVORITE** WITH CHAMPION-MAKING COACHES, CHAMPION ATHLETES.

GO INTO A HUDDLE WITH A BIG BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"--EVERY MORNING. **THAT'S THE KIND** OF DISH YOU'LL WANT PLENTY OF.



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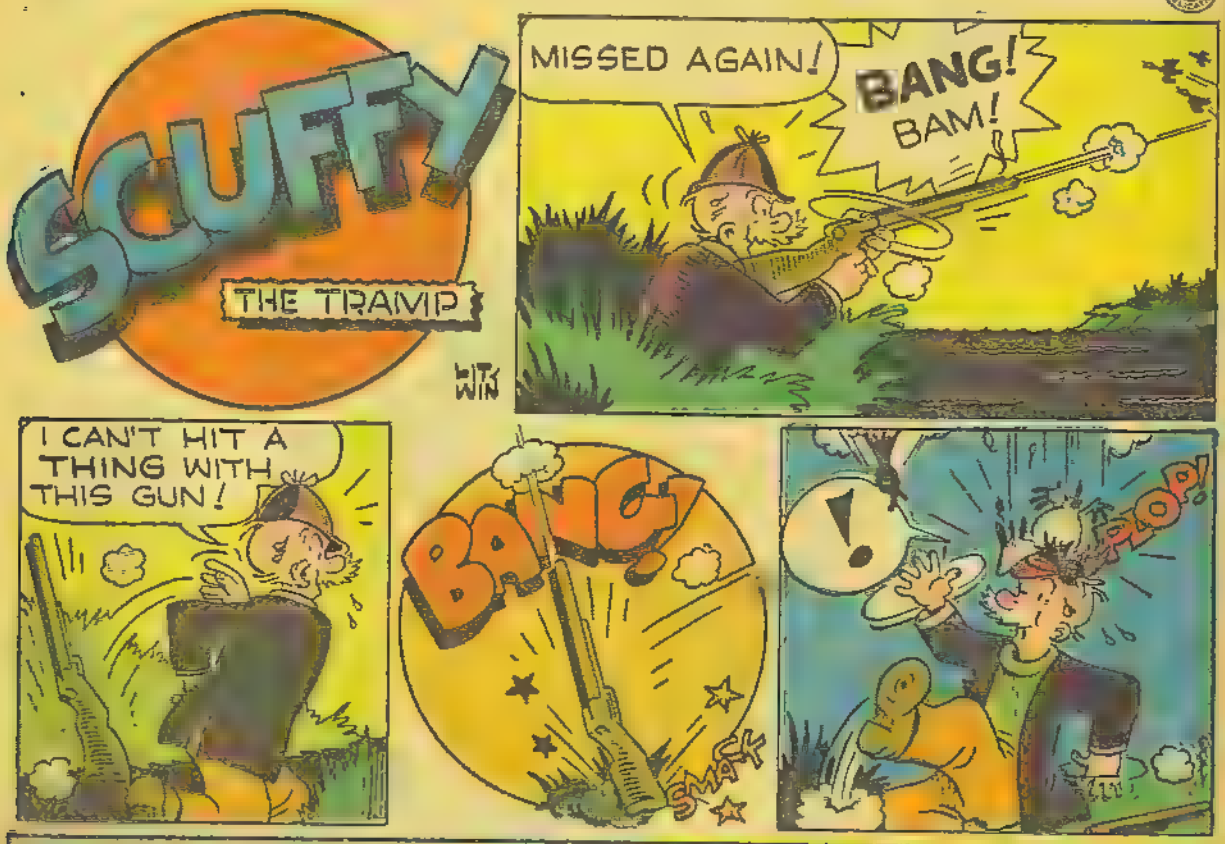

SCUFFY
THE TRAMP
WITWIN
MISSED AGAIN!
BANG!
BAM!
I CAN'T HIT A THING WITH THIS GUN!
BANG!
SMACK
FLOP!

HISTORY'S MYSTERIES
NOBODY KNOWS THE SECRET OF THE GIANT TURTLES OF THE GALAPAGOS ...WHY THEY ARE FOUND ON THIS ISLAND, AND NOWHERE ELSE ON EARTH.
HEY, LOOKIT THOSE TURTLES —BIG AS BATTLESHIPS!
EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS ARE SWELL FOR RELIEVING COUGHS DUE TO COLDS.
AND THEY TASTE JUST LIKE CANDY!
SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS
BLACK OR MENTHOL-5¢
TRADE
MARK

CONGO BILL

NOT ALL SCHOOLS HAVE BROAD CAMPUS LAWNS AND TALL TOWERS GLEAMING IN THE SUNLIGHT. THERE ARE PLACES WHERE WAR MAKES LEARNING HARD AND PAINFUL... DEEP IN CHINA, CONGO BILL ATTENDS A STRANGE UNIVERSITY WHICH HAS GALLANTLY RESISTED JAPANESE BOMBS BUT WHOSE EXISTENCE IS THREATENED BY A TRAITOR WHOSE HEART HOLDS HATE FOR..."THE UNDERGROUND SCHOOL!"

SCHOOLDAYS ARE NOT THE SAME THE WORLD OVER. IN WAR-TORN CHINA, FOR INSTANCE...

THERE IT IS, CONGO BILL. BOMBS AND WAR HAVE DRIVEN OUR UNIVERSITY UNDERGROUND AND FAR FROM ITS OLD HOME.

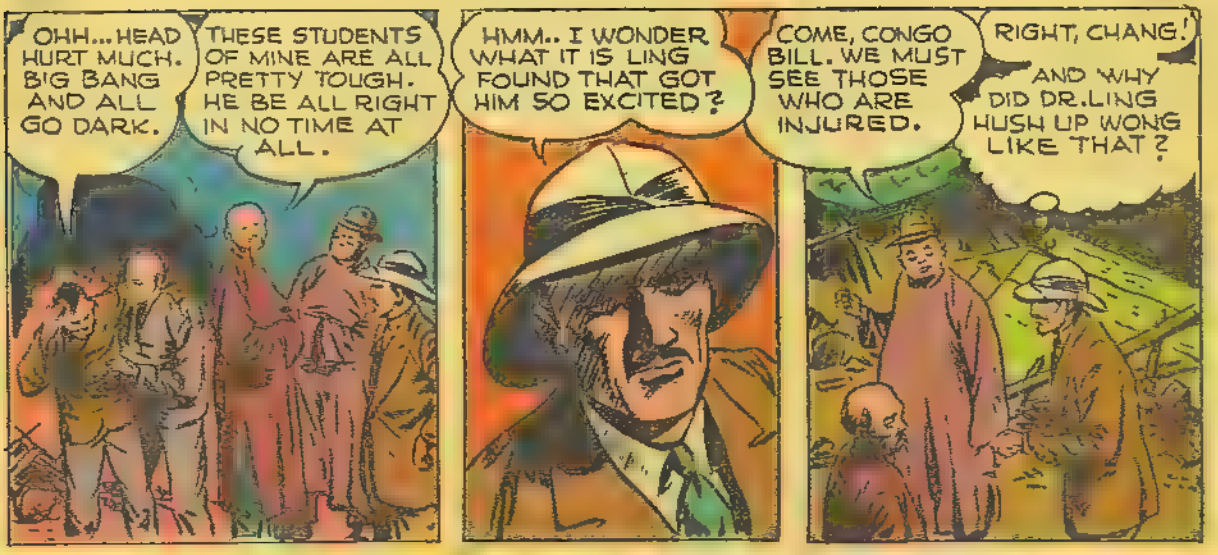
I ADMIRE YOUR ACHIEVEMENT, PROFESSOR CHANG. EVEN IN THE MIDST OF WAR, EDUCATION MUST GO ON.

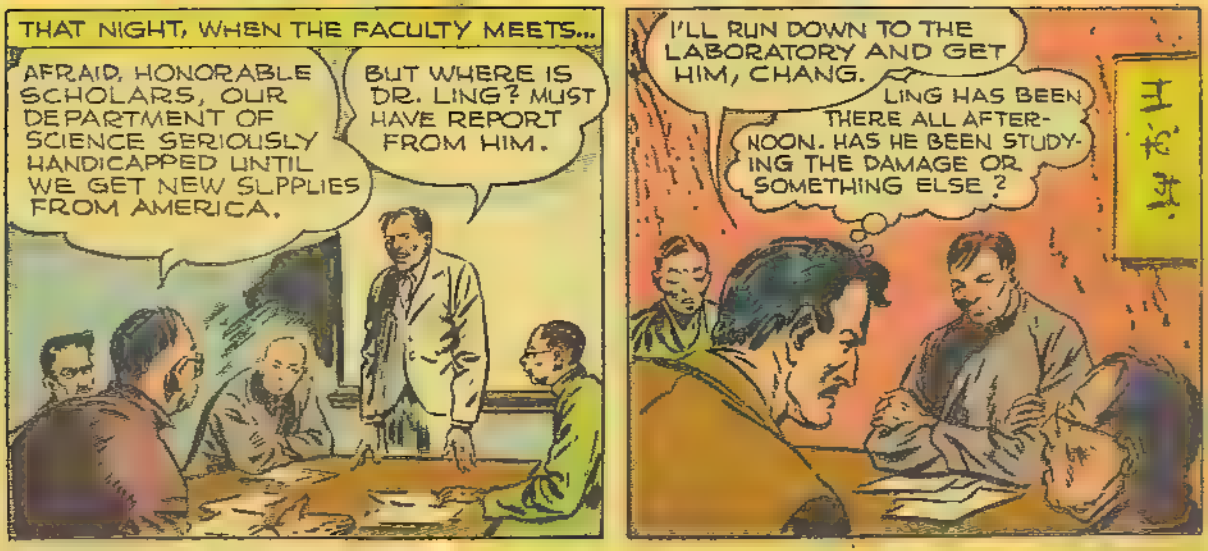
YES, THE PEOPLE NEED TO LEARN. I HAVE ALWAYS DONE MY BEST TO BRING THEM THE GREAT SCIENCE OF THE WEST... AND KEEP ALIVE THE CULTURE OF ANCIENT CHINA.

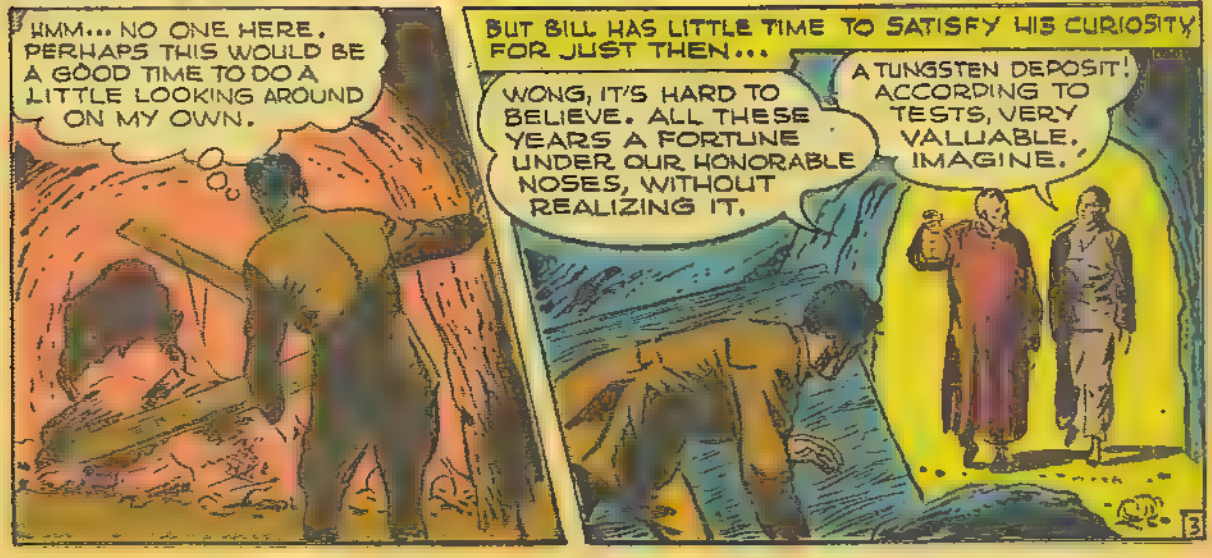
LEARNING CERTAINLY OUGHT TO BE SAFE IN THERE.

QUITE SAFE. CAVES VERY OLD—AND VERY STRONG. BOMB-PROOF—

SUDDENLY...
BOOM!
DISASTER! CHANG, COME QUICK! CHEMICALS EXPLODE IN IN LABORATORY!
LOOKS LIKE THE BOMBS OF JAPAN AREN'T THE ONLY DANGER HERE.
SCIENTIFIC LABORATORY RUINED, HONORABLE CHANG. SOME STUDENTS INJURED BAD.
AND DR. LING? IS HE SAFE?
HONORABLE DOCTOR LING SAFE. HE NOT HERE AT TIME OF GREAT BANG.
VERY GLAD. DR. LING'S SERVICES MUCH NEEDED.
WONG, FORGET ABOUT INJURED STUDENT. LOOK AT THIS...
AMAZING, HONORABLE DOCTOR. I CAN'T BELIEVE IT.' TO THINK WE NEVER SEE THIS BEFORE.
LING, YOU ARE SAFE! BUT THIS IS GREAT TRAGEDY FOR OUR SCHOOL.
BUT WE FIND SOMETHING, HONORABLE CHANG. WE—
WONG IS RIGHT. I FIND SOMETHING... MY EQUIPMENT RUINED. WONG, CARRY OUT INJURED STUDENT.
12

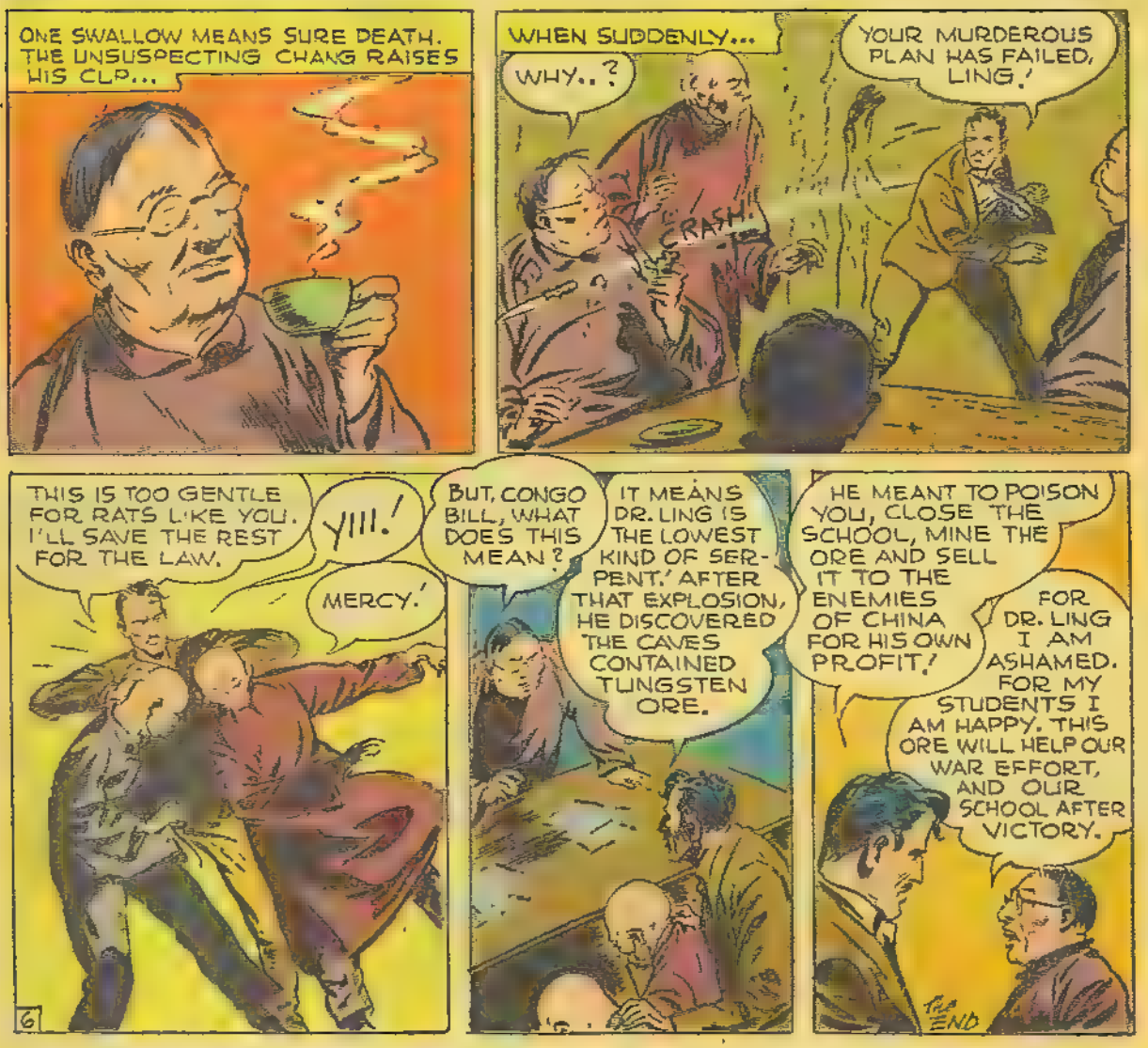

OHH... HEAD HURT MUCH. BIG BANG AND ALL GO DARK.
THESE STUDENTS OF MINE ARE ALL PRETTY TOUGH. HE BE ALL RIGHT IN NO TIME AT ALL.
HMM.. I WONDER WHAT IT IS LING FOUND THAT GOT HIM SO EXCITED?
COME, CONGO BILL. WE MUST SEE THOSE WHO ARE INJURED.
RIGHT, CHANG!
AND WHY DID DR. LING HUSH UP WONG LIKE THAT?


THAT NIGHT, WHEN THE FACULTY MEETS...
AFRAID, HONORABLE SCHOLARS, OUR DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE SERIOUSLY HANDICAPPED UNTIL WE GET NEW SUPPLIES FROM AMERICA.
BUT WHERE IS DR. LING? MUST HAVE REPORT FROM HIM.
I'LL RUN DOWN TO THE LABORATORY AND GET HIM, CHANG.
LING HAS BEEN THERE ALL AFTERNOON. HAS HE BEEN STUDYING THE DAMAGE OR SOMETHING ELSE?


HMM... NO ONE HERE. PERHAPS THIS WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO DO A LITTLE LOOKING AROUND ON MY OWN.
BUT BILL HAS LITTLE TIME TO SATISFY HIS CURIOSITY FOR JUST THEN...
WONG, IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE. ALL THESE YEARS A FORTUNE UNDER OUR HONORABLE NOSES, WITHOUT REALIZING IT.
A TUNGSTEN DEPOSIT! ACCORDING TO TESTS, VERY VALUABLE. IMAGINE.
13

CHANG WOULD ONLY TURN ORE OVER TO GOVERNMENT IF HE FOUND OUT. WE MINE SECRETLY—SELL ORE TO JAPANESE. KILL CHANG AND CLOSE SCHOOL.
WITH CHANG OUT OF WAY, HONORABLE DOCTOR, EVERYTHING EASY. WE BE RICH. IS FOLLY TO BE POOR FOR SAKE OF SCIENCE.
WE WILL BE RID OF CHANG AS SOON AS HE DRINKS HIS TEA WITH A SPECIAL LITTLE INGREDIENT THAT I SHALL ADD.
IT IS WELL SAID, MASTER.
CRASH!
SOMEONE HAS BEEN LISTENING! WE ARE DISCOVERED!
QUICK, WE GET THE TROUBLESOME FOOL!
YOU CUT-THROAT! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DO ANY KILLING TONIGHT IF I HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT.
UGGH!
BANG!
UNEXPECTEDLY...
AAAA...
FORTUNE SMILES ON US, MASTER! WE ARE SAVED!
IT IS ALMOST TEA TIME FOR HONORABLE CHANG!
YES! THIS MEDDLER WE TAKE CARE OF LATER, WONG.
14

SHORTLY...
HONORABLE CHANG, SORRY I MUST REPORT THAT THE LABORATORY IS A COMPLETE LOSS. LET US CONSIDER MATTERS OVER A CUP OF TEA.
THANK YOU, DOCTOR LING. ALL THIS EXCITEMENT HAS BEEN BAD FOR MY HEART, AND THE TEA WILL HELP.
THE FOOL! HE HAS SAID JUST THE RIGHT THING. NOW NO ONE WILL EVER SUSPECT ME. THEY WILL SAY HE DIED OF A HEART ATTACK.
MEANWHILE...
OHH... MY HEAD. BUT CHANG, HE'LL BE POISONED, I'VE GOT TO GET LOOSE!
HMM... THAT SMELL IS FAMILIAR. IT'S ACID FROM THAT BROKEN BEAKER. BURN OR NO BURN, I'VE GOT TO CHANCE IT...
I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT, CHANG MAY BE DRINKING HIS POISONED TEA RIGHT NOW.
A DESPERATE PULL, AND THE ACID-WEAKENED ROPES GIVE WAY. FREEING HIS LEGS IS THE WORK OF SECONDS. AND THEN...
FREE AT LAST. IF ONLY I'M NOT TOO LATE!


ONE SWALLOW MEANS SURE DEATH. THE UNSUSPECTING CHANG RAISES HIS CUP...
WHEN SUDDENLY...
WHY..?
CRASH!
YOUR MURDEROUS PLAN HAS FAILED, LING!
THIS IS TOO GENTLE FOR RATS LIKE YOU. I'LL SAVE THE REST FOR THE LAW.
YIII!
MERCY!
BUT, CONGO BILL, WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?
IT MEANS DR. LING IS THE LOWEST KIND OF SERPENT! AFTER THAT EXPLOSION, HE DISCOVERED THE CAVES CONTAINED TUNGSTEN ORE.
HE MEANT TO POISON YOU, CLOSE THE SCHOOL, MINE THE ORE AND SELL IT TO THE ENEMIES OF CHINA FOR HIS OWN PROFIT!
FOR DR. LING I AM ASHAMED. FOR MY STUDENTS I AM HAPPY. THIS ORE WILL HELP OUR WAR EFFORT, AND OUR SCHOOL AFTER VICTORY.
THE END
6

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Krypton No. 9)

UNC'B CJLTUN CQN CJ-BTB XO YNJLN JB QJAM JB FN CJLTUNM CQN CJBTB XO FJA!

SUPERMAN. DEC.
c o ACTION COMICS.
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME ..... AGE .....

STREET ADDRESS .....

CITY AND STATE .....

FREEDOM'S LIGHT

by Ted Loury

FOR military reasons, it is called Island X, so you can't be told the real name. But when Mac and Fred and Joe first saw it loom out of the morning mist, it looked like Paradise. To three sailors on a raft, any sort of terra firma would have been Heaven. So long it wasn't occupied by Japs.

There wasn't much to this atoll. It was probably the tiniest one in the South Pacific and no doubt uncharted. They were grateful for the mist. That would enable them to land, then to scatter, so that if there were Japs on this island, somebody would have a chance.

They sat back weakly on the raft, just stared at each other. The frail craft rose and fell with the giant combers, who seemed like the old man of the sea, with a load on back. Then, with a sudden, mighty surge, the fragile raft was hurled onto the beach with sickening, jarring force.

The men could not move. They stared at each other weakly. And then each man closed his eyes thoroughly spent. There wasn't strength enough, between the three of them, to raise a finger. It was Fred who said weakly: "We'll just have to trust in Providence that the enemy isn't here. I'm done." They slept.

Fred was the first one to open his eyes. It was late afternoon, and the sun was dipping into the West, a giant ball of fire waiting to be extinguished.

Weakly, Fred raised his head, saw his sleeping shipmates. His eyes looked around. Then he groaned. The waterproof box, with the Very pistol and the rockets was gone. Fred just sat there, holding his throbbing head in his hands. Everything was lost. They had counted on that pistol to signal a plane. It was their one long chance.

Yes, it had to be a long chance. For each man knew that the patrol planes must have given up days ago, convinced that there were no more survivors on the ship the Japs had got. But if a patrol plane, by some miracle, did show up. . . .!

Fred heard Mac's weak voice. "You okay, Fred?"

"Yeah." There was a tone of relief in Fred's reply. "Looks like the Japs haven't found this place."

"I don't know about that." Mac whispered. "Look at those trees."

Fred saw them then, and his heart sank. They were all shattered, and only shells could have done that kind of damage. But maybe there were no Japs on the island now.

"Wake up, Joe," he said, "and let's look around while we have some light."

Fred struggled weakly to his feet. The beach swam dizzily around him and for a moment the water seemed overhead. Finally, things settled again. Mac was helping Joe to his feet.

"We'll strike out toward that jungle," Fred said, "and try to find water."

Holding on to each other, they hobbled along. They hadn't been wounded, but there wasn't much strength in any of them. Fred knew that they had to get to water soon.

Suddenly, Mac said: "Hush!"

They stopped, their hearts almost stopping with them. Mac had extraordinary hearing, could detect sounds that to the average ear would pass unnoticed.

"There's something in there," Mac whispered, "and it doesn't sound animal to me."

Warily, they followed his shaking finger. At a signal from Fred, they spread out. They moved silently, being careful not to tread on a twig, or anything else that would reveal their presence.

There was a sudden, frightened whimper in the underbrush. Then Joe's cry, "I've got him."

They rushed over, recklessly using their last ounce of strength. Mac laughed hysterically, reflex action from the tension.

"It's a kid," he babbled, "a little girl."

They saw her, too, stared with uncomprehending eyes. She was about ten, wore a torn dress. Her bones peeped from beneath it. Her eyes were brown, and frightened. She trembled.

"A Filipino kid," Mac said. He couldn't take his eyes off this scarecrow who was a little girl. She held her hands to her throat, where something dangled from a string around her neck.

Mac knew a little of the language. "Don't be frightened," he said. "We are friends. Americanos."

She stared at him stolidly. Joe said: "Ask her where the water is, Mac."

Mac did. Without a word, she beckoned to them. They fell all over themselves trying to follow

her. It wasn't far, but they were spent when they found the spring. Like animals they leaped for it.

But training asserted itself, and they were careful. They moistened their lips, took a swallow. Then they fell back, waiting for strength to come to them. They didn't notice that the child had disappeared, and when they did, it was too late.

"Maybe she's telling the Japs," Joe said. He was a little frightened.

"Filipinos don't tell Japs anything," Mac said. "She'll be back."

He was right. An hour later she was back. It was still daylight. Gravely, she let down the folds of her dress. It was filled with berries!

"Bless you," Mac said. The others didn't say anything. Greedily they ate, and the child watched them stolidly until they had finished drinking and eating.

"You'd better find out how we stand, Mac," said Fred. "Ask her what happened here."

It was a tragic story. The girl's whole family and many other families had been wiped out by the Jap naval bombardment. There seemed to have been no reason for the shelling of the tiny atoll, just another of those products of the inscrutable and wild Japanese mind. For weeks now, she had been in hiding. Had seen Mac and Fred and Joe land.

There were no Japs here, no one but the girl. Her name was Angela.

They walked with her, saw the ruins of the thatched homes. Everything had been razed. "Looks like we might sit the war out here," Mac said. "We can't even start a fire. Even if we tried the old Boy Scout trick, this wood would never ignite." Disgustedly, he threw down the damp, soggy branch he had picked up. "Feels like it has been raining here for a week."

They sat grouped in a semicircle as darkness fell. Joe got a touch of homesickness then, and said: "I'd give a million bucks to see the Statue of Liberty right now. If I had a million."

Angela, who had been watching him intently said, "Viva Libertad!" She looked at Mac questioningly, and asked, "He is from Liberty."

Mac smiled. He loved kids, had three of his own. He had patience, too. He explained: "It's a symbol of America," he said. "She is a very tall lady who stands in New York Harbor. She has a light in her hand, and it seems to say, 'Come unto me and I will give you freedom', and that's what we're fighting for right now, honey."

She shook her head gravely, as if she understood. "The light of freedom," she murmured. "It is a beautiful thing."

Mac translated, and added, "Yeah, and I wish we had some light now. Fellows, we've got to make a fire some way. What if a plane . . ."

He stopped, stood stock still. "Listen."

They couldn't hear a thing for a minute. And then they heard it. The drone of a plane's motors. "It's a Douglas," Mac cried excitedly, "and it's coming here."

Then they saw its red and green running lights, mere dots in the skies. Fred groaned. "It's going to pass right over us. But it'll never see us." Tears streamed down his face. "If it was only daylight. Or we had that Very pistol."

Joe just stared at the sky. He was crying with the rage of impotence, too. But Angela wasn't. She was jumping up and down excitedly, waving her arms and crying out to the plane.

It was then that Mac saw what she was wearing around her neck. At first he couldn't believe his eyes. Then he grabbed for it. "A cigarette lighter," he screamed, "She's got a cigarette lighter."

Angela cried out as the cord snapped. Mac, in his excitement, didn't realize he had hurt the child. His fingers worked feverishly at the old fashioned mechanism. And then, it worked, only a pin point of light, but Mac knew it would be enough. The pilot would see it.

He passed it over to Fred, who had been a signal man. "Signal him, Fred!"

Fred passed his hand over and away from the light, using the dot and dash system. All eyes watched the plane's running lights. Would the pilot see them, understand.

And then it happened. The running lights replied:

"Will send help tomorrow."

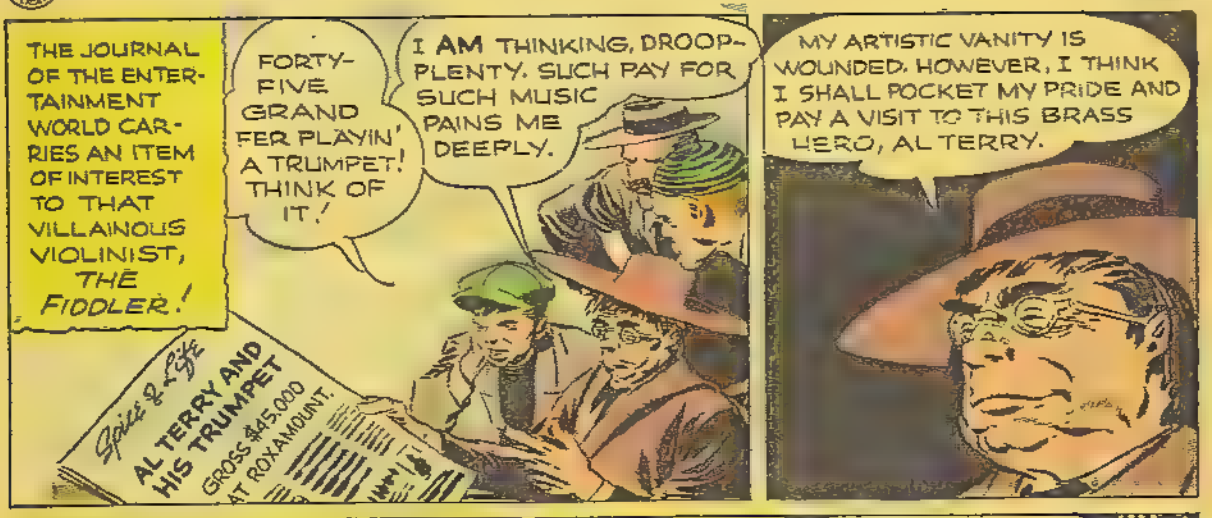
They were all crying now, sobbing with relief. Fred didn't even notice Angela take the precious lighter from his hand. They didn't learn until later that a missionary had given it to her father many years ago. It was the child's prized possession. But they did notice one thing, the next moment.

With childish enthusiasm, Angela was still holding the flame, holding it aloft, although the plane had disappeared. It was Joe who said, in an awe-filled voice: "Gosh, she reminds me of the Statue of Liberty, holding the light up like that . . ."

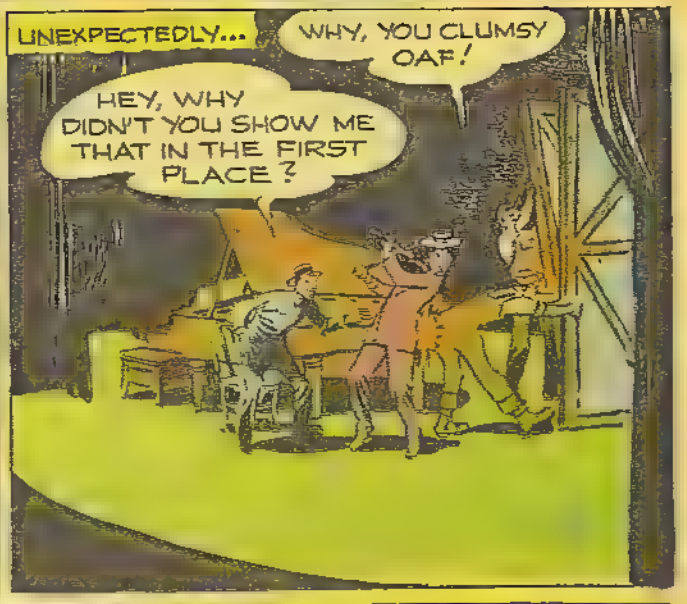
And Mac said softly: "Freedom's light. Still shining."

"It always will," Fred said.

VIGILANTE
JUMP AND JIVE, BE GLAD YOU'RE ALIVE, FOR THE MAESTRO OF MUSICAL MENACE HAS TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF... AND IS NOW CUTTING RUGS! YES, THE FILCHING FIDDLER IS NO LONGER HIS USUAL LONG-HAIRED SELF.. NOW HE'S A SOLID SENDER, THE HEP-CATS' HERO. BUT HE'S AS CROOKED AND DANGEROUS AS EVER... UNTIL THE VIGILANTE BLOWS HOT LICKS ON A TRUMPET OF DOOM TO END...
"THE FIDDLER'S JAM SESSION!"
TAP
MORT MORTON JR

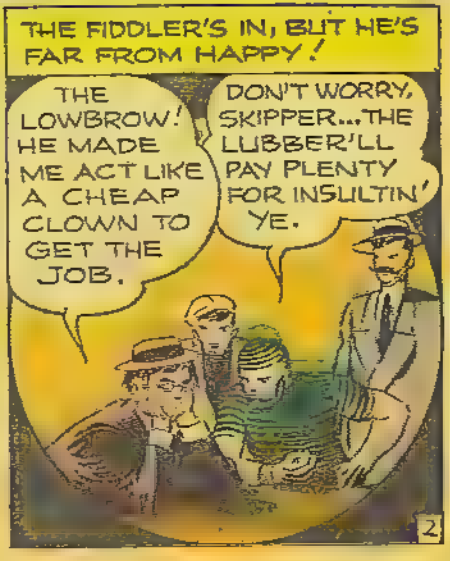

THE JOURNAL OF THE ENTERTAINMENT WORLD CARRIES AN ITEM OF INTEREST TO THAT VILLAINOUS VIOLINIST, THE FIDDLER!
FORTY-FIVE GRAND FER PLAYIN' A TRUMPET! THINK OF IT!
I AM THINKING, DROOPLENTY. SUCH PAY FOR SUCH MUSIC PAINS ME DEEPLY.
Spice & Kick
AL TERRY AND HIS TRUMPET
GROSS $45,000 AT ROXAMOUNT.
MY ARTISTIC VANITY IS WOUNDED. HOWEVER, I THINK I SHALL POCKET MY PRIDE AND PAY A VISIT TO THIS BRASS HERO, AL TERRY.

SHORTLY, THE MAESTRO OF MENACE, IN A MUSICAL MOOD, HAS AN AUDITION...
STRICTLY FROM CORN, BROTHER, STRICTLY FROM CORN. I CAN BUY THAT FOR TWENTY CENTS A DOZEN.

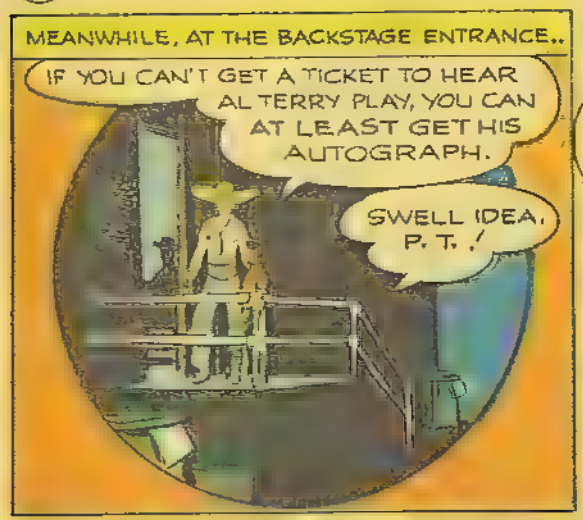

UNEXPECTEDLY...
WHY, YOU CLUMSY OAF!
HEY, WHY DIDN'T YOU SHOW ME THAT IN THE FIRST PLACE?

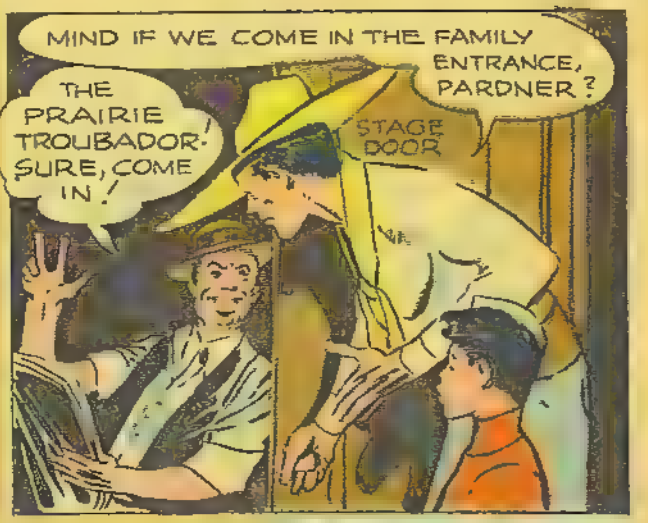
HOLD IT HIGHER... THAT'S IT. YOU'RE IN THE GROOVE- NEXT, WE'LL TRY IT BEHIND YOUR BACK...

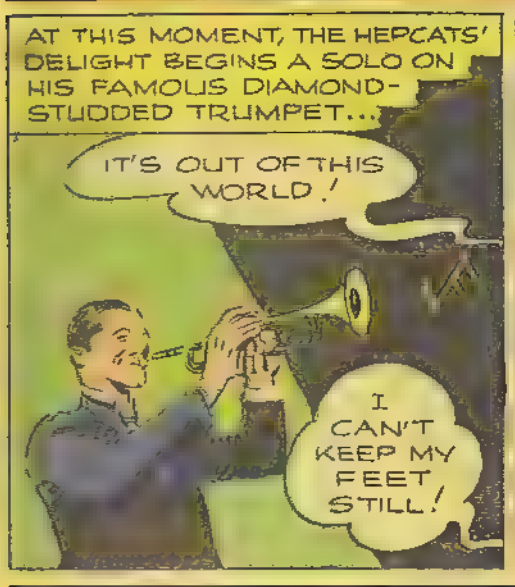
NOW YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THE CUSTOMERS WILL PAY TO SEE!


THE FIDDLER'S IN, BUT HE'S FAR FROM HAPPY!
THE LOWBROW! HE MADE ME ACT LIKE A CHEAP CLOWN TO GET THE JOB.
DON'T WORRY, SKIPPER... THE LUBBER'LL PAY PLENTY FOR INSULTIN' YE.
2

THAT HE WILL, IF THE FIDDLER'S PLANS GO ARIGHT! AND NOW, AS ALTERRY OPENS AN ENGAGEMENT AT THE MUSIC CENTER...
LOOK AT THAT CROWD OF HEPCATS, BOYS. FULL HOUSE AGAIN!
BOYS, THE MANAGER TELLS ME THAT THE BOX OFFICE HAS ALREADY TAKEN IN MORE THAN TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.
TEN THOUSAND! TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT!
THE HORNS ARE JUST BEGINNING TO HEAT, WHEN FIDDLER TAKES THE SPOT...
LOOK AT THE MAESTRO... HE'S SIGNALING!
SHHH... SOMEONE MIGHT HEAR!
THESE CONTORTIONS AREN'T AS RIDICULOUS--
...AS THEY SEEM. I HOPE THE BOYS GET THE MESSAGE.
LOOK, ME HEARTIES... RIGHT KNEE, LEFT KNEE, THEN RIGHT AGAIN.
RIGHT, SAILOR... WE DO THE JOB TONIGHT.
3


MEANWHILE, AT THE BACKSTAGE ENTRANCE..
IF YOU CAN'T GET A TICKET TO HEAR AL TERRY PLAY, YOU CAN AT LEAST GET HIS AUTOGRAPH.
SWELL IDEA, P. T.!


MIND IF WE COME IN THE FAMILY ENTRANCE, PARDNER?
THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOR! SURE, COME IN!
STAGE DOOR


AT THIS MOMENT, THE HEPCATS' DELIGHT BEGINS A SOLO ON HIS FAMOUS DIAMOND-STUDDED TRUMPET...
IT'S OUT OF THIS WORLD!
I CAN'T KEEP MY FEET STILL!

AND PRESENTLY...

IMAGINE THE FOOLS GETTING EXCITED ABOUT SUCH TRASH! SO MUCH THE BETTER... THEY'LL BE TOO BUSY TO PAY ATTENTION TO ME!
Oooo

BUT...
THE FIDDLER!
GREG, DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

A QUICK CHANGE OF COSTUME, AND THE VIGILANTE IS ALL SET TO GIVE A PERFORMANCE OF HIS OWN...
STUFF, THAT RATTLER ONLY STRIKES WHERE THERE'S MONEY. AND IN A THEATER, IT'S THE BOX OFFICE!
COME ON!
ALREADY, HOWEVER...
NO FALSE MOVES, GENTLEMEN! SPORT AND SAILOR HAVE ITCHY TRIGGER FINGERS!
WE'LL HELP YOU LOSE THAT ITCH!
THE VIGILANTE!
THIS METHOD IS PATENTED!
OWWWW...
YOU LOOK KIND OF DROOPY, DROOP!
YIIIII...
AND NOW FOR THE BOSS COYOTE...

I'VE LEARNED TO BE WARY OF YOUR ROPE, VIGILANTE... THAT'S WHY THERE'S A CONCEALED KNIFE-EDGE IN THE BACK OF THIS BOW.
HUH..?
AND A SPECIAL GUN MUZZLE IN THE FRONT OF IT.
DUCK, VIG!
THIS IS YOUR FINISH!
HE'S GOING TO SHOOT!
KIYOODLIN' COYOTES, STUFF, LAY OFF!
THAT BOW ISN'T THICK ENOUGH TO CONCEAL A GUN!
OH, OH... THE FIDDLER PULLED A FAST ONE, AND I FELL FOR IT!
SLAM!
AFTER THEM!
WE'VE STILL GOT A CHANCE...
I TAKE THAT BACK, PARDNER. THE DOOR'S LOCKED... WE CAN'T STOP THEM FROM GETTING AWAY.
6

GOSH, VIG, I DESERVE TO BE KICKED FOR LETTING MYSELF BE PLAYED FOR A SAP
EVERYBODY MAKES MISTAKES, PARDNER... WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN PICK UP HIS TRAIL AGAIN IN HIS USUAL HAUNTS.
BUT THE VIRTUOSO OF VILLAINY SEEMS TO HAVE DISAPPEARED COMPLETELY. OF COURSE, THE WESTERN WADDY DOESN'T EVEN IMAGINE THAT THE CLASSIC-LOVING FIDDLER HAS JOINED A SWING BAND...
NO USE, STUFF. HE'S VANISHED.
POOL ROOM
SO I'M TAKIN' TIME OFF FROM HUNTING HIM TO HELP THE POLICE ANOTHER WAY. TERRY'S PLAYING AT THE POLICEMAN'S BALL TONIGHT, AFTER THE LAST SHOW, AND I'M INVITED TO SING. WANT TO COME ALONG?
YOU CAN'T KEEP ME AWAY, GREG. I'LL BE THERE WITH BELLS ON.
AND AT THE POLICEMAN'S BALL THAT NIGHT...
ON THE LONE PRAIRIE, AS THE SUN WAS LOW, AN INJUN WAS FITTIN' AN ARRER TO HIS BOW. HE WAS LEAN AND HUNGRY, AND EMPTY INSIDE, AND FOR DAYS HE'D BEEN GNAWIN' A BUFFLER HIDE.
AND THE FIDDLER, NEVER DREAMING OF THE PRESENCE OF HIS SWORN ENEMY...
BAH! PLAYING BEFORE JITTERBUGS! REVENGE WILL HAVE TO BE MIGHTY SWEET TO SOOTH MY RUFFLED SOUL
AND IT WILL BE. ROBBING THE BOX OFFICE OF A POLICE BENEFIT! WHAT COULD BE SWEETER!

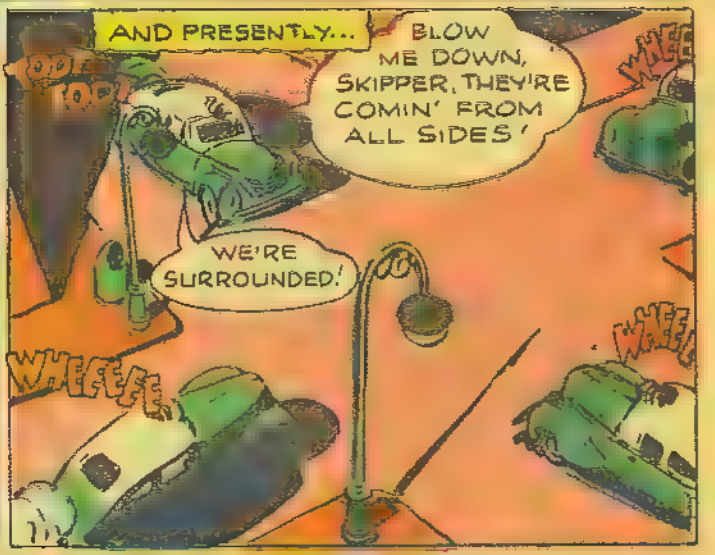
MOMENTS LATER...
NOW FOR A TRUMPET SOLO BY TERRY HIMSELF.
WATCH HIM SEND THOSE COPS, P. T.!
HEY, WHAT HAPPENED TO MY TRUMPET?
WHERE IS IT? MY DIAMOND-STUDDED TRUMPET! WHERE IS IT?
EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME! HE'S GONE — THAT NEW FIDDLER OF MINE! THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR MAKING A LONGHAIR INTO A SOLID SENDER... HE UP AND DESERTS ME WHEN I NEED HIM MOST.
A LONGHAIR... NEW ON THE JOB. I'VE GOT IT! I'VE BEEN BLIND... IT'S THE FIDDLER!
STUFF, I KNOW NOW WHY WE HAPPENED TO SEE THE FIDDLER BACK-STAGE AT THAT LAST ROBBERY. HE WAS IN TERRY'S BAND ALL THE TIME. COME ON, BEFORE HE GETS AWAY!
PRESENTLY, WITH THE VIGILANTE ONCE MORE IN ACTION...
THERE HE IS, VIG!

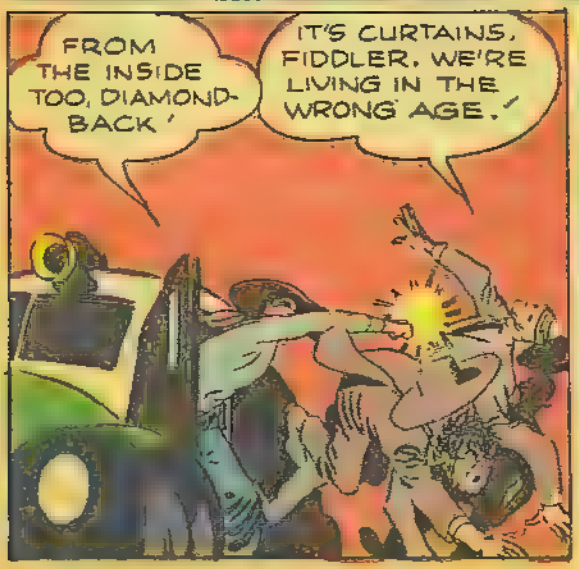
HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS LULLABY, MAESTRO?
THE VIGILANTE... HELP!
TOO BAD, SIDEWINDER... THIS IS THE WRONG PLACE TO CALL FOR HELP.
YES, THE ONLY PEOPLE AROUND HERE ARE THESE POLICEMEN.
SURPRISED AT MY NEW UNIFORM, VIGILANTE?
HA, HA! THE POLICE DO HAVE THEIR USES, DON'T THEY?
ARGH...
NOW, VIGILANTE, IF YOU'LL KINDLY STEP INTO MY CAR... WE'LL GO FOR A NICE ONE-WAY RIDE!
HUH? WHAT'S THIS DOING BEHIND ME?
TERRY'S DIAMOND-STUDDED TRUMPET! AND I THINK I KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH IT!
THE VIG WORKS THE MOUTHPIECE OF THE TRUMPET INTO THE END OF THE EXHAUST PIPE.
HURRY UP, VIGILANTE. STAND UP AND GET INTO THAT CAR.
I'M STILL SORTA DIZZY. (HOPE THAT TRUMPET DOESN'T COME LOOSE.)

WE USE A POLICE CAR FOR OUR GETAWAY. VERY CONVENIENT, EH, VIGILANTE?
POLICE

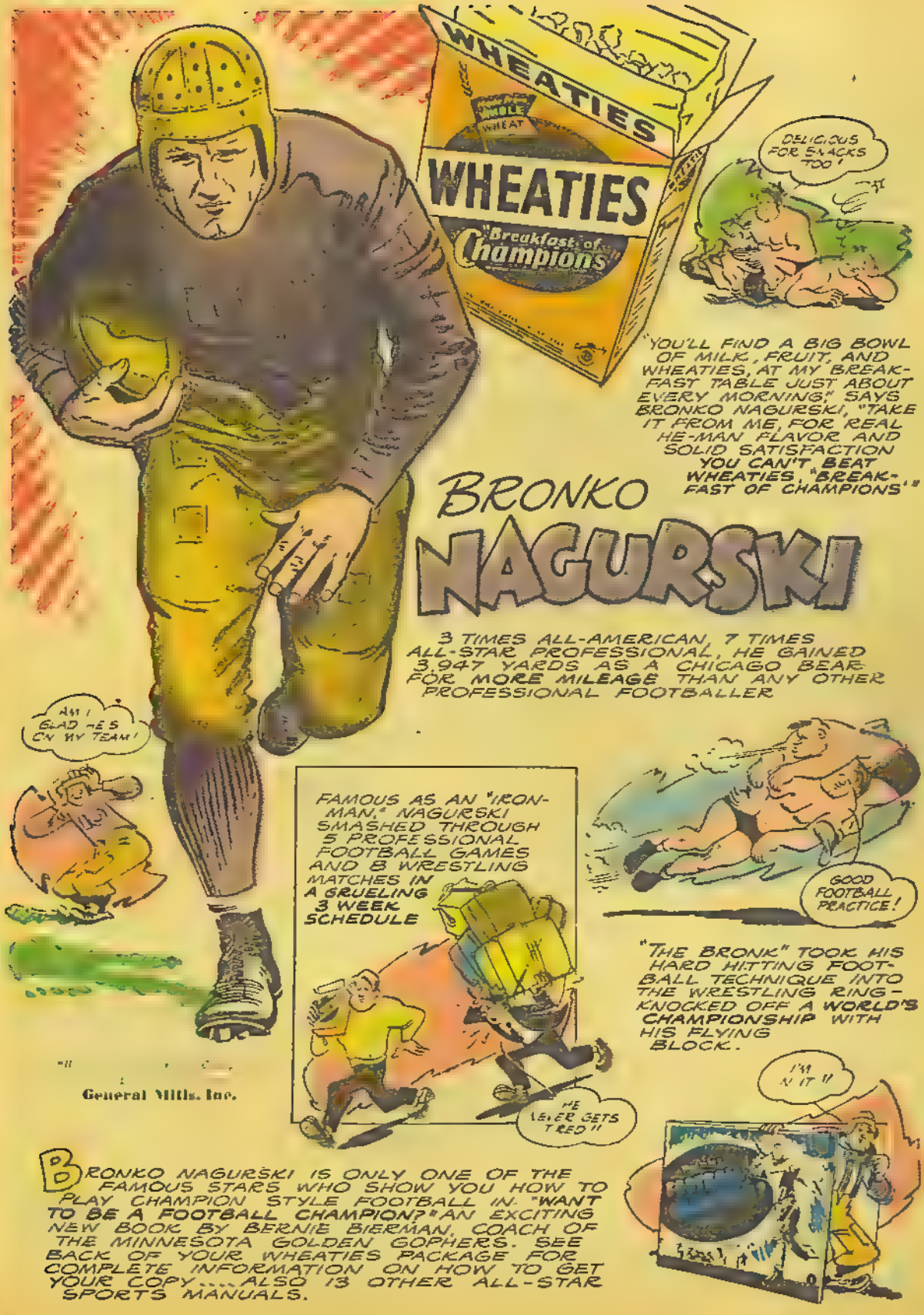
BUT AS THE CAR PICKS UP SPEED...
TOOT TOOT TOOT

INSIDE THE HALL ..
WHY, THAT'S THE SOUND OF MY TRUMPET RIGHT NOW! I'D RECOGNIZE IT ANYWHERE.
COME ON, BOYS, LET'S SEE WHO LIFTED IT.


AND PRESENTLY...
BLOW ME DOWN, SKIPPER, THEY'RE COMIN' FROM ALL SIDES!
WE'RE SURROUNDED!
WHEEEEE!
WHEEE!

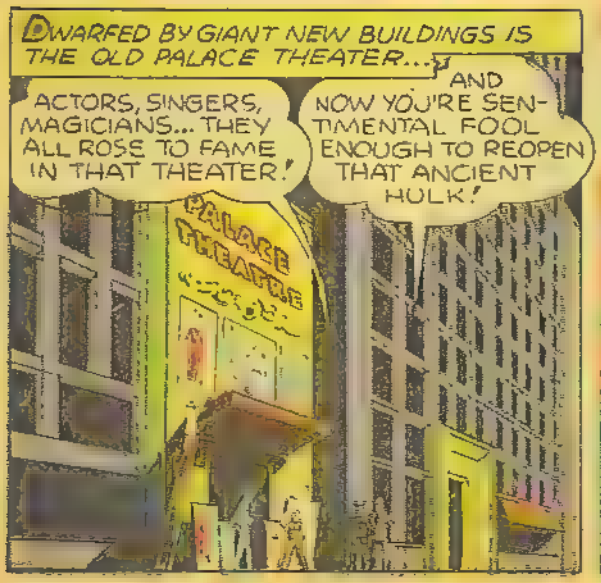

FROM THE INSIDE TOO, DIAMOND-BACK!
IT'S CURTAINS, FIDDLER. WE'RE LIVING IN THE WRONG AGE.!

AND LATER...
GOSH, VIG, WHAT RHYTHM! DOESN'T IT SEND YOU?
IT'S OUT OF THIS WORLD, PARDNER... OUT OF THIS WORLD!
THE END


WHEATIES
WHEATIES
"Breakfast of Champions"
DELICIOUS FOR SNACKS TOO!
"YOU'LL FIND A BIG BOWL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, AT MY BREAKFAST TABLE JUST ABOUT EVERY MORNING," SAYS BRONKO NAGURSKI, "TAKE IT FROM ME, FOR REAL HE-MAN FLAVOR AND SOLID SATISFACTION YOU CAN'T BEAT WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS'"
BRONKO NAGURSKI
3 TIMES ALL-AMERICAN, 7 TIMES ALL-STAR PROFESSIONAL, HE GAINED 3,947 YARDS AS A CHICAGO BEAR FOR MORE MILEAGE THAN ANY OTHER PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALLER
AM I GLAD HE'S ON MY TEAM!
FAMOUS AS AN "IRON-MAN," NAGURSKI SMASHED THROUGH 5 PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL GAMES AND 8 WRESTLING MATCHES IN A GRUELING 3 WEEK SCHEDULE
HE NEVER GETS TIRED!!
GOOD FOOTBALL PRACTICE!
"THE BRONK" TOOK HIS HARD HITTING FOOTBALL TECHNIQUE INTO THE WRESTLING RING—KNOCKED OFF A WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP WITH HIS FLYING BLOCK.
I'M N' IT!!
General Mills, Inc.
BRONKO NAGURSKI IS ONLY ONE OF THE FAMOUS STARS WHO SHOW YOU HOW TO PLAY CHAMPION STYLE FOOTBALL IN "WANT TO BE A FOOTBALL CHAMPION?" AN EXCITING NEW BOOK BY BERNIE BIERMAN, COACH OF THE MINNESOTA GOLDEN GOPHERS. SEE BACK OF YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION ON HOW TO GET YOUR COPY.....ALSO 13 OTHER ALL-STAR SPORTS MANUALS.

ZATARA
THE MASTER MAGICIAN

HOW MANY MEMORIES AND TRIUMPHS AND TEARS OF OTHER YEARS AN OLD SHOWHOUSE TREASURES! BUT THE BYGONE GLORIES OF A ONCE-FAMOUS STAGE CAN GLITTER TO LIFE AGAIN, ESPECIALLY WHEN A TROUPE OF STARS IS LED BY ZATARA, THAT GREAT ENTERTAINER AND EVEN GREATER MASTER OF MAGIC! BUT EVEN ZATARA'S POWERS ARE TAXED TO THE LIMIT WHEN UNSEEN ENEMIES TRY TO STOP HIS.....
"One Man Show!"

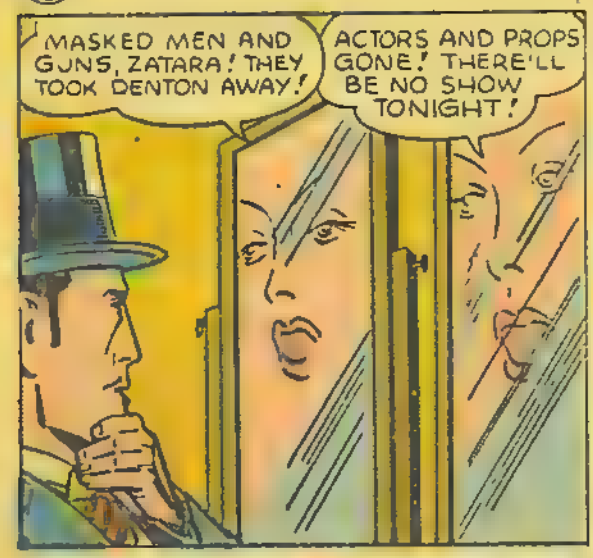

DWARFED BY GIANT NEW BUILDINGS IS THE OLD PALACE THEATER...
ACTORS, SINGERS, MAGICIANS... THEY ALL ROSE TO FAME IN THAT THEATER!
AND NOW YOU'RE SENTIMENTAL FOOL ENOUGH TO REOPEN THAT ANCIENT HULK!
PALACE THEATRE

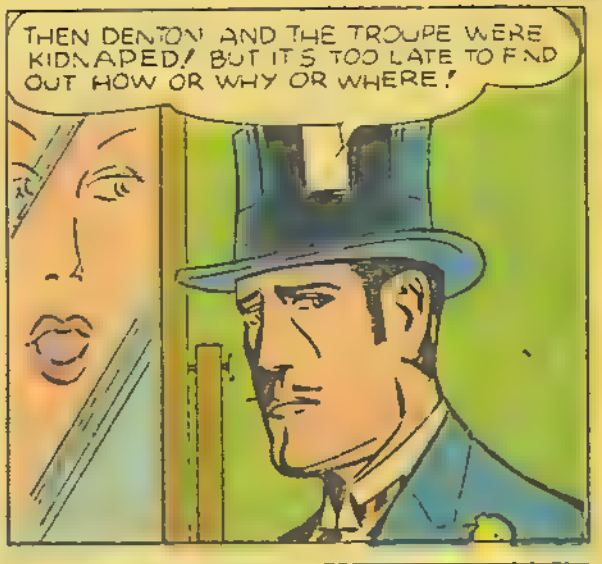
YES, BRENNER! MONEY CAN'T BUY THAT BUILDING OR IT'S MEMORIES FROM ME! I'M A SHOWMAN, AND I'VE GOT A GRAND NEW TROUPE!
YOU'RE HOPELESS, DENTON! SEE YOU AT THE SHOW... I HOPE!

HOW CAN I FAIL? MY HEADLINER IS ZATARA! HE'LL BRING BACK THOSE HAPPY DAYS WHEN...
"WHEN FLASHING SWORDS AND ROMANCE AND THRILLS PACKED THE HOUSE! AND MY GRANDFATHER OWNED THE PALACE!"
"WHEN HARDINI'S MAGIC AND MYSTERIES THRILLED GAPING THRONGS! AND MY FATHER CARRIED ON THE FAMILY TRADITION!"
BETTER STOP DREAMING, BOSS! LAST REHEARSAL'S ON, AND ZATARA'S READY!
AND TODAY I'VE GOT A HIT SHOW AND THE OLD PALACE!
WONDERFUL, ZATARA! I DON'T SEE HOW YOU DO IT!
OF COURSE, YOU DON'T! BECAUSE THERE'S NOTHING TO SEE!
EVERY RABBIT AND HAT GONE! AMAZING!
NOW HERE'S THE WHOLE TROUPE READY FOR THE GRAND FINALE!
WAIT! I HEARD A SCREAM OUTSIDE! AND HORSES' HOOVES!
2

RUNAWAY! TWO CABS FROM THE PARK!
WE'LL BE TRAMPLED!
ESROH EB YM REGRAHC!*
THE EDUCAT HORSE
*READ MAGIC WORDS BACKWARD.
MLAC ESOHT SDEETS! EDIR EKIL EHT DNIW!
THE EDUCATED HORSE
AOHW! TLAH! BE STILL, PRANCER!
HE CHARMED THEM!
WHY, IT'S ZATARA, THE STAR OF THE NEW SHOW!
YAAAYY! RAH!
ALMOST LIKE A GRAND PUBLICITY STUNT! BUT GOOD OLD SHOWMAN DENTON DESERVES GOOD LUCK! NOW... ESROH HSINAV!
THE EDUCATED HO
ALL OF YOU-- COME AND SEE DENTON'S NEW STAGE SHOW TOMORROW NIGHT!
WE'LL BE THERE, ZATARA!
I BET IT'LL BE A WONDER!
STAGE ENTRANCE
3

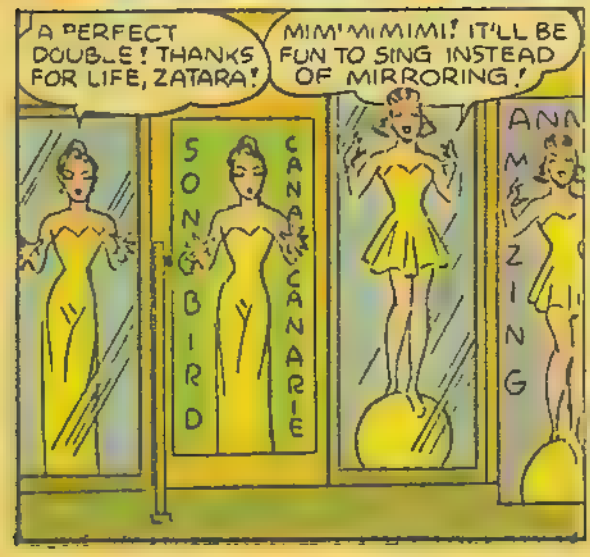
WHY, I WAS ONLY GONE A LITTLE WHILE, AND NOW THE THEATER'S DARK! EVERY ACTOR'S LEFT THE PLACE!
HMMM... I GUESS REHEARSAL WENT OVER WELL! AND MIGHTY FAST! SO I WON'T BOTHER DENTON, BUT I'LL GET HERE EARLY TOMORROW NIGHT!
NEXT EVENING, THE REOPENING OF THE GRAND OLD PALACE THEATER!
THAT CROWD SPELLS SUCCESS FOR DENTON! HE HAS EVERY CENT SUNK IN THIS NEW SHOW!
TEN MINUTES TO CURTAIN TIME AND THERE'S NOT A SINGLE PERFORMER OR HIS ACT HERE YET! I WONDER...
WE'VE GOT A FULL HOUSE, ZATARA! GLAD YOU'RE HERE, BUT HAVE YOU SEEN MR. DENTON OR THE OTHERS?
WHAT?
HUH? THESE SHOWMEN SURE ACT STRANGE!
MUSTN'T ALARM HIM! BUT SOMETHING, OR EVERYTHING, HAS GONE WRONG!
SRORRIM KAEPS! TAHW DENEPPAH!
4

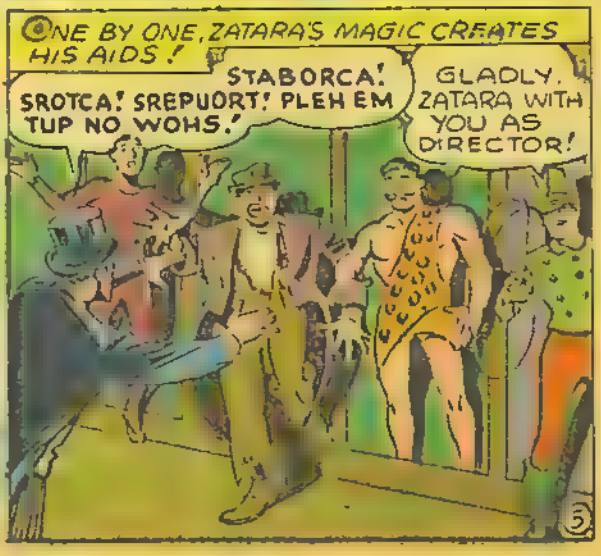

MASKED MEN AND GUNS, ZATARA! THEY TOOK DENTON AWAY!
ACTORS AND PROPS GONE! THERE'LL BE NO SHOW TONIGHT!

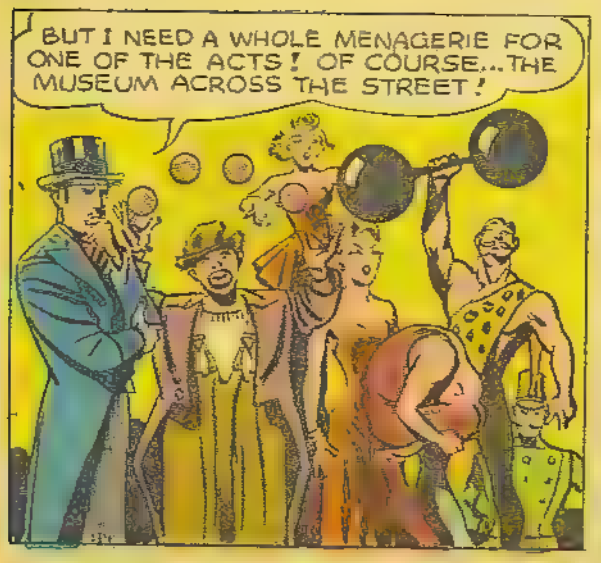

THEN DENTON AND THE TROUPE WERE KIDNAPED! BUT IT'S TOO LATE TO FIND OUT HOW OR WHY OR WHERE!

I'VE GOT TO ACT, AND FAST!
WHAT'S HE PLANNING NOW?

AN ENTIRE SHOW! AND YOU TWO ARE GOING TO HELP ME! SETIRPS EB REGNIS DNA A RECNAD!

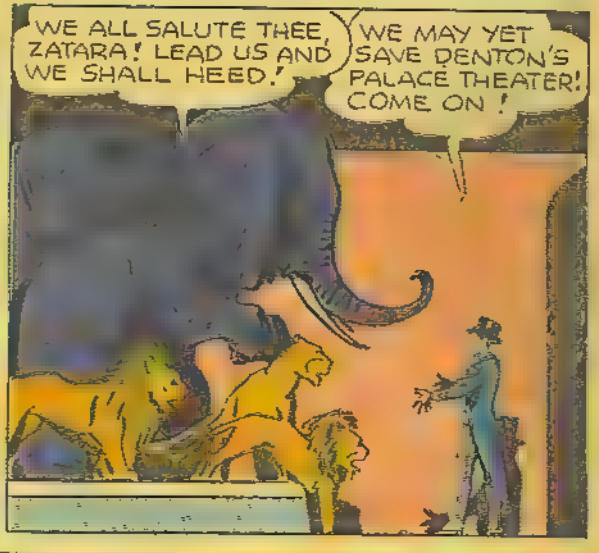

A PERFECT DOUBLE! THANKS FOR LIFE, ZATARA!
MIM'MIMIMI! IT'LL BE FUN TO SING INSTEAD OF MIRRORING!
SONG BIRD
CANARY
AMAZING


ONE BY ONE, ZATARA'S MAGIC CREATES HIS AIDS!
STABORCA! SROTCA! SREPUORT! PLEH EM TUP NO WOHS!
GLADLY. ZATARA WITH YOU AS DIRECTOR!


BUT I NEED A WHOLE MENAGERIE FOR ONE OF THE ACTS! OF COURSE...THE MUSEUM ACROSS THE STREET!

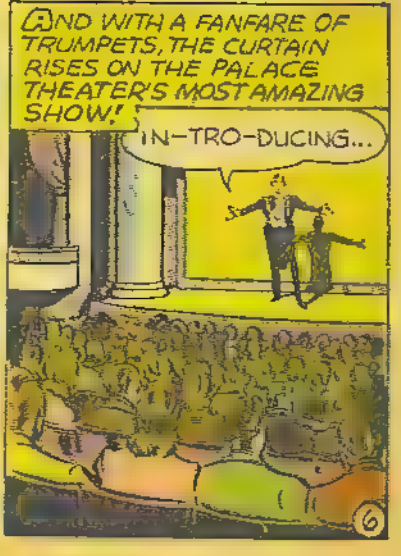
I'VE ONLY GOT ABOUT THREE MINUTES LEFT! MUESUM ROOD NEPO!
MUSEUM

THIS IS JUST WHAT I NEED! SLAMINA EMOC OT EFIL! YEBO EM!


WE ALL SALUTE THEE, ZATARA! LEAD US AND WE SHALL HEED!
WE MAY YET SAVE DENTON'S PALACE THEATER! COME ON!

ZATARA FOUND THE MISSING ACTS!
IF THEY ONLY KNEW THE TRUTH!

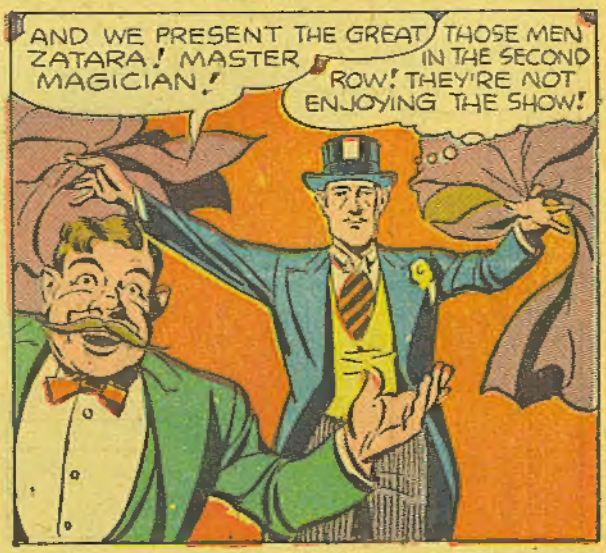
CURTAIN! THE SHOW GOES ON! WE'RE READY!
YES, THANKS TO ZATARA!


AND WITH A FANFARE OF TRUMPETS, THE CURTAIN RISES ON THE PALACE THEATER'S MOST AMAZING SHOW!
IN-TRO-DUCING...

I'LL HELP THIS MAGIC JUGGLER! ELGGUJ!

ACT AFTER ACT IS GOING OVER AND THE CROWD'S PLEASED! NEXT I'M TO BE AN ANIMAL TRAINER!

NOW I'M BARONI THE GREAT! THESE MUSEUM BEASTS ENJOY THEIR NEW LEASE ON LIFE!

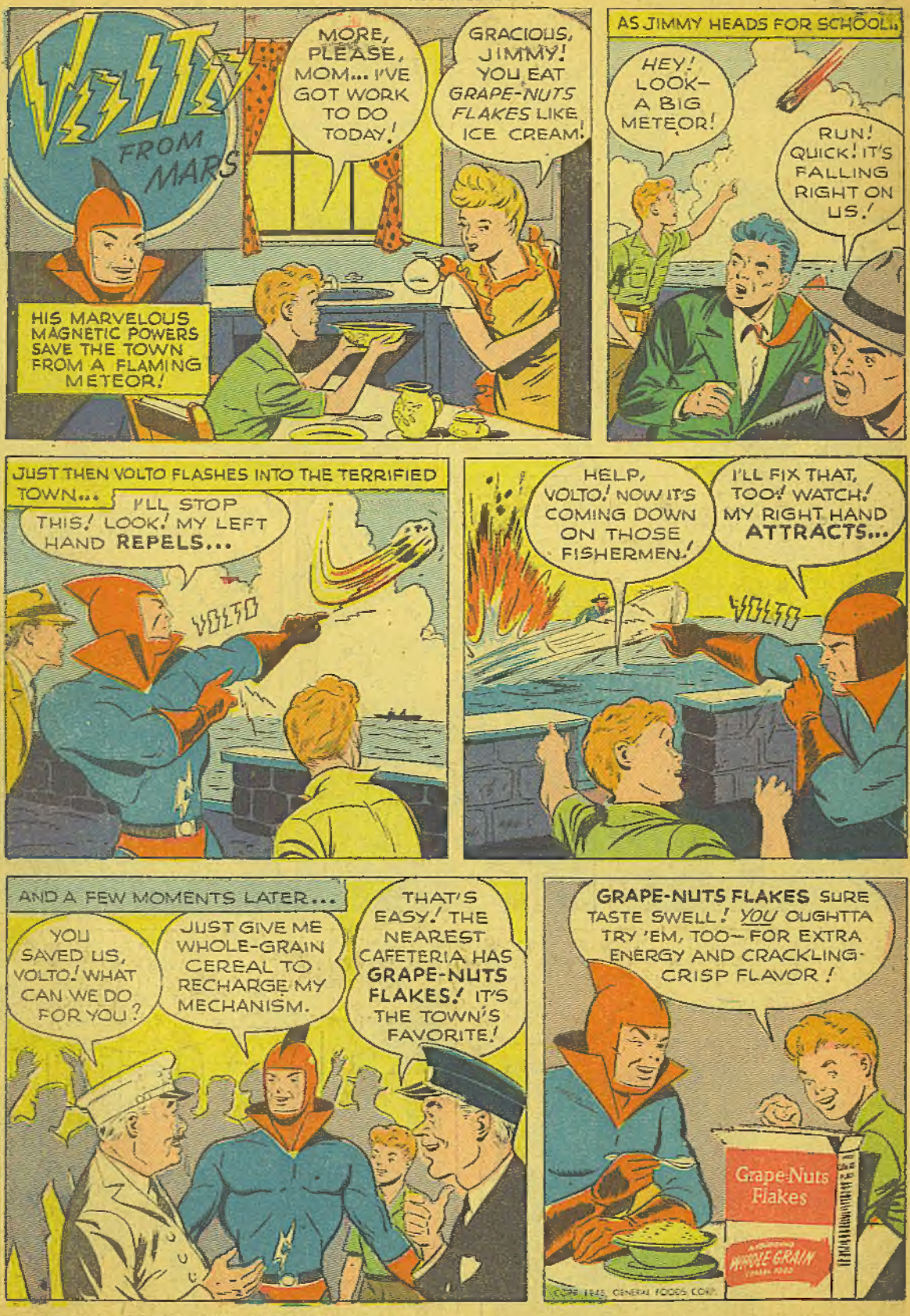

AND WE PRESENT THE GREAT ZATARA! MASTER MAGICIAN!
THOSE MEN IN THE SECOND ROW! THEY'RE NOT ENJOYING THE SHOW!

BUT IT CAN'T BE! THEY'RE ALL SAFELY LOCKED UP EXCEPT ZATARA! WE DIDN'T GET HIM!
YOU BUNGLER! THEY MUST HAVE ESCAPED!

I'LL USE MY GUN; I'LL EMPTY THIS THEATRE!
DO SOMETHING, YOU FOOL! I PAID YOU WELL!

BUT AS A DEADLY PISTOL IS LIFTED, ZATARA LEAPS FROM THE STAGE!
NUG EB ETALOCOHC! TLEM!
IT'S... IT'S TURNED STICKY!

YIIII! DON'T USE MAGIC, ZATARA! I'LL CONFESS ALL!
JUST A MINUTE, YOU! YOU'RE IN THIS SHOW, TOO!
AND THEN, USING GREAT SHOWMANSHIP TO AMUSE THE CROWD...
PMUJ YNNUF SELCRIC! ALL PART OF THE FINALE, FOLKS!
YAAYY!
DENTON AND THE OTHERS, THEY'RE LOCKED IN THE SOUND-PROOF BASEMENT! BRENNER WANTED TO BUY THIS GROUND TO BUILD A SKYSCRAPER, BUT DENTON WOULDN'T SELL! SO MY MOB...
WE'LL WATCH THEM, ZATARA!
SREPUORT WOLLOF EM!
YOU'VE SERVED ME WELL! BUT... CIGAM WOHS DNE! HSINAV!
LATER...
WHAT? YOU PUT ON A WHOLE SHOW? YOU SAVED ME FROM BRENNER'S GREED?
YES, AND YOUR SCHEMING FALSE FRIEND IS BEHIND BARS!
THEY SAY WE'RE A SMASH HIT! BUT HOW...?
WERE YOU REALLY ALL LOCKED UP? I THOUGHT I SAW EACH OF YOU ON THE STAGE!
THE END


VOLTO FROM MARS
MORE, PLEASE, MOM... I'VE GOT WORK TO DO TODAY!
GRACIOUS, JIMMY! YOU EAT GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES LIKE ICE CREAM!
HIS MARVELOUS MAGNETIC POWERS SAVE THE TOWN FROM A FLAMING METEOR!
AS JIMMY HEADS FOR SCHOOL...
HEY! LOOK— A BIG METEOR!
RUN! QUICK! IT'S FALLING RIGHT ON US!
JUST THEN VOLTO FLASHES INTO THE TERRIFIED TOWN...
I'LL STOP THIS! LOOK! MY LEFT HAND REPELS...
VOLTO
HELP, VOLTO! NOW IT'S COMING DOWN ON THOSE FISHERMEN!
I'LL FIX THAT, TOO! WATCH! MY RIGHT HAND ATTRACTS...
VOLTO
AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
YOU SAVED US, VOLTO! WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU?
JUST GIVE ME WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL TO RECHARGE MY MECHANISM.
THAT'S EASY! THE NEAREST CAFETERIA HAS GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES! IT'S THE TOWN'S FAVORITE!
GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES SURE TASTE SWELL! YOU OUGHTTA TRY 'EM, TOO— FOR EXTRA ENERGY AND CRACKLING-CRISP FLAVOR!
Grape-Nuts Flakes
WHOLE GRAIN
COPR. 1945, GENERAL FOODS CORP.

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